This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

600039964.

MEMOIRS

OF A

FAMILY IN SWISSERLAND;

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

Sit mihi fas audita loqui———

VIRG. Æn.

———Usus,
Quem penes arbitrium est, et jus et norma.———

HOR. Ars Poet.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY *A. STRAHAN*, PRINTERS-STREET,
FOR T. N. LONGMAN, AND O. REES, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1802.

CELESTIAL *happineſs*, when'er ſhe ſtoops
To viſit earth, one ſhrine the goddeſs finds,
And one alone, to make her ſweet amends
For abſent Heav'n—the boſom of a friend;
Where heart meets heart, reciprocally ſoft,
Each other's pillow to repoſe divine.
Beware the counterfeit: In *paſſion*'s flame
Hearts melt; but melt like ice, ſoon harder froze.
True love ſtrikes root in *reaſon*; paſſion's foe:
Virtue alone entenders us for life:
I wrong her much——entenders us for ever:
Of *Friendſhip*'s faireſt fruits, the fruit moſt fair
Is *Virtue* kindling at a rival fire,
And, *emulouſly*, rapid in her race.
O the ſoft enmity! endearing ſtrife!
This carries friendſhip to her noon-tide point,
And gives the rivet of eternity.

YOUNG.

MEMOIRS

OF A

FAMILY IN SWISSERLAND.

LETTER I.

From GERTRUDE WESSERMAN to ANGELICA BELFONT.

Richterſwyl, Oct. 5.

IN my viſit to you this morning, my beloved Angelica, the view of the arrangements preparatory to your departure to-morrow, ſtruck ſo forcibly on

my ſorrowful heart, that I already feel the ſhock of ſeparation; and painfully anticipate that exceſſive emotion will prevent my uttering a farewel—to this letter, therefore, I commit my adieus; which I mean to ſlip into your hand, as I preſs it for the laſt time before our ſeparation.

On this melancholy ſubject I have hitherto forborne to dilate, in order to avoid poiſoning the pleaſure I ſo exquiſitely enjoy in your ſociety.

That I have enjoyed it ſo long, I muſt ever conſider one of the moſt fortunate events of my life, whoſe ſpring has ſtrewn my path with roſes almoſt diveſted of their thorns. Bleſſed from my infancy with all that a reaſonable mortal could deſire, my heart experienced no want, except a female friend. Nurtured by ſenſibility, I, in early youth, ſought the ſweet intercourſe of mutual

mutual amity with one of my own age and ſex; but the confined ſociety of my native reſidence preſented no object whom refined ſentiment could ſelect for ſacred friendſhip, until, in you, I diſcovered more to ſatisfy my underſtanding, and attach my heart, than the moſt ſanguine expectation could have hoped.

How ſhould I have bleſſed the motives which induced you to viſit this country, had they been any other except a ſearch after loſt health and happineſs.

Every day's experience proves that human occurrences are compoſed of good and evil in alternate ſucceſſion: and the moſt that human wiſdom can perform, is to bear both with that equanimity which deſtroys their baleful effects; to chaſten exceſſive happineſs with the remembrance of its inſtability;

and to baniſh deſpair in ſorrow, by the anticipation of ſome pleaſure to which it may conduct us; as a gloomy avenue oft leads to ſunny lawns, enameled with the gayeſt flowers. Let me then flatter myſelf, your acquiſition of a ſincere friend may, in ſome meaſure, be a conſolation to the griefs of loſing a revered father; and that your widowed mother, the amiable Lady Belfont, and your brother Sir Charles, may, with yourſelf, have regained a portion of the health and peace which were the objects of your continental tour, and your temporary abode on the ſalubrious mountains overhanging the picturesque lakes of Swiſſerland.

Although my feelings are heedleſs of perſuaſion, my reaſon is convinced of the neceſſity of your quitting this country for the ſhores of England.—May proſperous gales waft you gently

to

to them over an unruffled ſea, and faithful love beckon your approach to the cliffs of your native land, and, crowning you with every felicity, recal ſometimes to recollection the affectionate Gertrude; who, in the romantic retreats of Swiſſerland, dwells on your remembrance with the moſt fervent prayers for the happineſs of her firſt and deareſt friend.

LETTER II.

From ANGELICA to GERTRUDE.

Zug, Oct. 6.

LIKE you, my beloved friend, my heart and my eyes were both too full when I left you laſt night to permit me to ſpeak; and to paper I alſo muſt conſign adieus too touching to be pronounced with an articulate voice.

Farewel! farewel—moſt charming of friends—I ſhould ſeek in vain a companion ſo improving and ſo faſcinating as yourſelf; in whoſe endearing ſociety nine months have paſſed with incredible ſwiftneſs.

In quitting Swiſſerland my heart lingers behind my ſteps; my eyes reſt on

on the ſublime landſcapes of the enchanting country from which I am departing, while tears trace my journey onward. Laſt night I was in your company — to-night I am far diſtant from you—leagues intervene between us, and ſtupendous mountains rear their majeſtic heads; from whoſe elevated and rocky ſummits I endeavoured to catch a laſt glance of the ſweet ſpot you inhabit. Your windows gliſtened in the riſing ſun as I this morning loſt ſight of your romantic dwelling; too ſoon concealed from my weeping eyes by the hanging woods that wave over the peaceful waters of the lake of Zurich: and this evening I watched the ſetting ſun ſink behind its ſurrounding mountains, whilſt the magnificent ſcenery, where my boſom firſt expanded to friendſhip and to real ſentiment, melting into azure diſtance, was at

length loſt in twilight. Never more, alas! will the dawn re-illumine thoſe ſcenes for me—ſcenes native to my heart, ſince its moſt exquiſite ſenſations were there firſt called into exiſtence. In my own country my mind will feel an alien; and ſigh inceſſantly to regain its home.

How inexplicable is the human heart! I tremble to inveſtigate my own.—— Perhaps, Gertrude, your penetrating ſoul has already diſcovered the ſecret of mine,—yet, in ſpite of the unlimited confidence I have been accuſtomed to repoſe in you, I ſhrink from a confeſſion.—In fine, I dare not make one even to myſelf.

Write to me my dear Gertrude—write immediately—your letter will reach my home before me, and prove an attraction thither—my heart requires a magnet to point it homeward.

Good

Good night, my deareſt friend! I am wearied by a fatiguing journey over difficult roads, and it is late; but I ſhall invoke ſleep in vain. To-morrow's dawn will lead me farther from you; and, in croſſing the boundaries of Swiſſerland, which I hourly approach, I ſhall bid you a ſecond and painful adieu!

LETTER III.

From GERTRUDE to ANGELICA.

Richterſwyl, Oct. 9.

YESTERDAY morning I received your farewel letter, my ſweet friend; and bedewed it with tears of the tendereſt affection. I have ſhed many ſince your departure; and ſince our ſeparation will be a conſtant ſource of affliction they muſt continue to flow.

Alas! Why are beings aſſimilated in taſte, and congenial in ſentiment deſtined to part—and to part for ever! The pain it has already coſt me makes me, at times, almoſt lament our acquaintance, till memory retraces the pleaſures I enjoyed in your ſociety, and compels

compels me to confeſs they were worth even the high purchaſe of the ſorrows your abſence muſt occaſion.

In the boſom of my family I indulge in innumerable retroſpections of happy ſcenes, where, to each of us, your preſence was the chief charm. My father, my mother, and my brother, regretting your departure almoſt equally with myſelf, ſympathize with me in the grief it coſts me—and Arminfeld alſo is the daily partner of our ſorrows. On his ardent ſoul I am certain the remembrance of my friend is deeply and indelibly engraven; and this impreſſion is the higheſt encomium I could beſtow on your reſpective characters. On the evening of your departure he came with a dejected air and ſad countenance to condole with us on the loſs of your ſociety. Melancholy pervaded our circle—converſation ſeemed to have loſt

all its charms by your abſence, and muſic all its power of pleaſing. Arminfeld propoſed a walk; and, accompanied by him and my brother I aſcended the mountain on which our houſe is ſituated, and whoſe umbrageous woods have ſo often ſhaded our evening ramble through its cliffs. As we purſued the path which winds among the rocks, they re-echoed your name and praiſes. At length we reached the ſummit juſt as the ſun deſcended; and the moon lighted us home. In ſilence we each gazed on its ſilvery beams reflected by the tremulous ſurface of the lake below, and repoſing on the dew-beſpangled landſcape of the vale. My brother was abſorbed in thoughtful ſadneſs—I was dejected—and Arminfeld was too penſive to amuſe us. Whilſt he unlocked the wicket of our garden gate, I leaned againſt the paling, and looking

looking up, felt a kind of melancholy pleaſure in contemplating the planet whoſe rays might perhaps be ſhining on you at the moment they lighted us. This enjoyment I mentioned to Arminfeld, who raiſed his eyes to the moon as he liſtened to me, while tears of ſentiment, tremblingly pendant on his eyelaſhes, caught the lunar beam, and gliſtened as they dropped. Mine fell in ſhowers—and we parted in a ſilence more eloquently expreſſive of regret at your abſence than any words could have been.

Feeling thus keenly myſelf, I cannot fail of being infinitely gratified to find your ſorrow reciprocal. There are, however, ſome paſſages in your letter, my dear Angelica, which ſurpriſe me; and on which the title you have conferred on me licenſes my animadverſions.—The eſſence of friendſhip is ſincerity;

cerity; and its chief purpoſe is a mutual amelioration of the heart.—Let us, therefore, my friend, be open, both in the avowal and correction of each other's faults; and by a free interchange of ideas and ſentiments, becoming mentally preſent, rob abſence of ſome of its innumerable privations.

Your regrets at leaving Swiſſerland would be natural to a mind ſo exquiſitely ſenſible as yours, my dear Angelica, if England had not ſtronger ties on your heart than thoſe of friendſhip. —Surely the bonds of love are more binding—And you appear inconſiſtent with yourſelf when ſorrow on leaving a friend counterbalances the joys of meeting a lover ſuch as Captain Herbert muſt be from your deſcription. When I recollect the character you gave him, and remember that your vows of union with him were conſe-

crated

crated by the bleſſings of an expiring and revered father; and that the mourning for his deceaſe alone deferred the ceremony which would have devoted you to Herbert for ever, I cannot help being aſtoniſhed at your entire ſilence on the intereſting ſubject of your approaching meeting with him after a tedious abſence of twelve months. Surely they muſt have appeared years to Herbert's impatience—and to your's, methinks, ought not to have ſeemed much ſhorter.

The opinion I have formed of your feeling and underſtanding prevents my apologizing for the unconſtrained communication of my ſentiments on this occaſion. My beloved Angelica muſt conſider it as a teſtimony of my ſincere and tender friendſhip; and can never aſſure me of her's more perſuaſively than by the moſt unreſerved correction of the

the innumerable errors ſhe muſt diſcover in me.

I have written as ſoon as poſſible after the receipt of your letter.

Remember your promiſe of writing long and frequent letters; and that I ſhall admit of no excuſe for the breach of that promiſe unleſs Herbert's ſociety ſhould rob me of your leiſure moments. Farewel!

LETTER IV.

From ANGELICA to GERTRUDE.

Belfont Park, November 3.

THIS morning we arrived at this place. In conſequence of ſome arrangements and alterations my brother has projected, to improve and embelliſh his family manſion, and the wiſh of ſuperintending the work himſelf, he has prevailed on my mother to accompany him hither, where we ſhall certainly remain till after Chriſtmas at leaſt, when the gaieties of the metropolis will ſummon the votaries of pleaſure to a rotation of diſſipation.

There was a time when ſuch ſcenes had charms for me—but it is paſt—and I now voluntarily retire to the ſolitude

and

and ſeclusion which once I might have ſhunned as too melancholy for the natural vivacity of my diſpoſition.

I was introduced to you, my ſentimental Gertrude, before I had thrown off the inſignificant character of a thoughtleſs giddy girl. You became acquainted with my frivolity, and bore with manners infinitely oppoſed to your own.

In ſpite of my childiſh volatility, I perceived and juſtly appreciated your ſuperior qualities; and, by an intimate intercourſe with a being endowed with the innumerable perfections you poſſeſs, I hoped to acquire the improvement of which I became daily more emulous.

Your faſcinating converſation impreſſed my ſoul, and ſoftened my heart. In your ſociety I firſt felt a reliſh for rural retirement and the charms of nature ſo ſupremely impoſ-

ing

ing in your enchantingly picturesque country. With what regret I left it my first letter informed you—Your reply to it, which I eagerly sought on the instant of my arrival here, is the first occurrence of pleasure that has cheered my bosom since I tore it from yours at our parting.

And now I fancy I behold your serene countenance assume a look of disapprobation in finding me obstinately incorrigible in a sin against sentiment — Gertrude — if you could frown I should fear to meet your looks while candor compels me to avow my heart is not devoted to Herbert!—No, my friend—and I have discovered it never was.

At an early period of life my brother chose the naval profession; and, obtaining parental permission, devoted himself to the service of his king and country

country on board a man of war commanded by an old friend of our family the late gallant and diſtinguiſhed Admiral Herbert. His ſon having alſo entered the Britiſh navy was my brother's fellow midſhipman in the ſame veſſel; where a friendſhip commenced between them which encreaſed with their years.

In conſequence of this attachment, William Herbert was much at our houſe. To know him intimately was to eſteem him. He became the beſt beloved friend of our family, and as ſuch I regarded him from childhood.

As I grew up a paſſion for me unfolded itſelf in Herbert's heart, and at length devoted it to me ſo entirely, that on the deceaſe of his father he threw at my feet the offering of his paternal fortune, whoſe poſſeſſion permitted the full diſcloſure of his affection for me.

When

When he ſolicited my hand, my parents left it to my diſpoſal—And Herbert was the firſt generouſly to propoſe I might be freed from any limitation of time to conſider the value, and the conſequences of that ineſtimable gift I had in my power to beſtow.

I had been accuſtomed to regard him as an accompliſhed and brave officer, and his generous conduct towards me encreaſed the eſteem I already felt for him.

I permitted his aſſiduities—they were continued for a year; during which he bore with unceaſing attentions, and unruffled complacency, a million of caprices calculated to turn a heart not really bound by the adoration he profeſſed. His frank deportment, his benign countenance, the faithful mirror where the uncommon ſweetneſs of his temper and the

the generoſity of his diſpoſition were reflected, and the gaiety of his manners, each contributed daily to encreaſe my conſideration for him.

Sometimes I allowed him to hope, but I am aſhamed to confeſs to you, my friend, that I more frequently exerted tyranny over him by creating a ſuſpenſe of my deciſion in his favour.

At length the fatal malady which robbed me of a father, attacked that reſpected parent. His ſufferings were the firſt interruptions to my extreme vivacity. Delivered, in the abſence of gaiety, to ſerious reflection, I began to view every object in its true colours; and whilſt I contemplated the virtues and good ſenſe of Herbert, they formed ſo ſtriking a contraſt with my follies, I determined to conclude them.—An opportunity ſoon occurred.

My father's illneſs encreaſed to an alarming

alarming height;—the Phyſicians who attended, deſtroyed the hopes, they had at firſt induced us to entertain; and my father, ſenſible of his approaching diſſolution, among other affairs of anxiety mentioned my indeciſion reſpecting Herbert, and requeſted me to acquaint him with my final determination; adding that he could wiſh to tranquillize his laſt hours with the hope that my happineſs would be enſured under the protection of the amiable Herbert.

My mother, my brother, and Herbert were preſent—the ſcene was affecting—my mother's grief ſurpaſſed deſcription—my brother, abſorbed in ſorrow, was unable to conſole either my mother or me, who were drowned in tears. Herbert, although greatly moved, exerted himſelf to comfort us; and evinced towards my already widowed mother the animated affection of a re-

ſpectful

ſpectful ſon. Never had he appeared ſo intereſting to me. I was ſenſibly touched, and preſenting my hand to my dying father called forth the laſt ſmiles into his cloſing eyes whilſt he joined it to Herbert's. Ah! how little did I at that moment imagine this gift of my hand would be retracted by my heart at a future period! Yet, Gertrude, that period is come——Alas! my friend, it is long ſince paſt——But—Herbert remains unchanged.

Detained, unavoidably, by profeſſional duty from my preſence, the inſtant he was apprized of our arrival, he wrote to expreſs the moſt poignant regrets at the neceſſity of his abſence.

It grieves me not—His preſence would diſtreſs me—And thank Heaven! I am ſpared for ſome time the pain of ſhocking his feelings by a declaration of mine.

Wonder

Wonder no longer therefore, my dear Gertrude, that I approached my native land without emotions of joy—Alas! it is fled—and—for ever.

Adieu, beloved friend of my heart, doubly ſuch, and more deſervedly dear to me ſince your reproof. Conſcience has been a ſeverer monitor than you can be; but ſentiment is uncontroulable. Towards you, however, my heart can never be culpable; the tendereſt friendſhip muſt ever animate it, and is its only preſent ſupport againſt deſpair!

LETTER V.

From GERTRUDE to ANGELICA.

Richeterſwyl, Dec. 1.

THE faithful boſom of Gertrude opens the aſylum of inviolable friendſhip to the ſorrows of her beloved Angelica.—

From what poiſonous ſource do they ſpring? Confide this ſecret to a friend, who proves herſelf ſincerely ſo, by feeling her own peace and happineſs deſtroyed by the loſs of yours.

Why, alas! am I doomed to add to the pain of abſence, the greater affliction of knowing you have other griefs beſides our ſeparation.

Did I not know you well, my dear Angelica,

Angelica, I ſhould harbour a ſuſpicion that you were verſatile; but a daily intimate intercourſe with you for the ſpace of nine months convinced me the graceful playfulneſs of extreme vivacity, was rather an embelliſhment, than a veil to the ſoundeſt principles, and the ſtrongeſt ſenſe—ſuch I have proved yours to be.—Whence then can originate the alteration of ſentiment which your firſt letter diſcovered, and your ſecond candidly confeſſes?

The more I reflect the more I am at a loſs to account for the change you avow.

Every converſation we ever had, impreſſed my memory in proportion as it touched my heart; and it was never more ſenſibly affected than when with apparent tenderneſs, you dwelt on the deſcription of Herbert.

Feeling, towards you, the enthuſiaſm

of friendſhip, I liſtened to the confidential narration of your private concerns and future proſpects, with the warmeſt intereſt; and when we parted, the idea that you were going to complete and ſhare the felicity of one of the moſt amiable of men, became a conſolation to the affliction attendant on our ſeparation.

You tell me Herbert remains unchanged—Good God! what muſt his ſituation be when he learns that of your heart!—

Mine commiſerates him beyond deſcription.

Surely, Angelica, ſome powerful cauſe muſt have operated ſtrongly to induce a change in ſentiments ſo judiciouſly, and apparently ſo ſolidly founded as thoſe you were accuſtomed to expreſs to me ſoon after the commencement of our acquaintance; when in our morning and

and evening walks, the ſequeſtration and tranquillity of the ſurrounding ſcene, induced you to confide them to the ear and heart of friendſhip.

I have ſhed many tears on your letter — and yeſterday evening, Arminfeld ſurpriſed me weeping over it. Tears gliſtened in his eyes while we ſpoke of you; and he could not help ejaculating repeatedly "Why, alas! did your friend depart?—Prevail upon her to return, and make us all completely happy." Thus ſpoke Arminfeld: But Gertrude counſels nothing derogatory from honor or propriety, however gratifying to her ſelfiſh feelings.

Preſent the remembrances of my family to yours. I truſt your mother's health has been ſufficiently reſtored by change of air, to fortify her againſt the ſhock of reviſiting the ſcene of her

former domeſtic pleaſures. With this wiſh, and the moſt ardent one for your returning peace, I muſt bid you, my deareſt friend, farewel!

LETTER VI.

From ANGELICA to GERTRUDE.

Belfont Park, Dec. 24.

I RECEIVED your letter, my dear Gertrude, with a variety of emotions. I read it daily, and each time I peruſe it, my heart throbs with indefinable ſenſations. I opened it with the agitation of a criminal who expects his condemnation; but your perfection has its true characterestic of indulgence to the failings of others.

The ſweet aſylum of your friendſhip, offered ſo tenderly, would operate as a balſam to my wounded heart, could I but bury the remembrance of Herbert's

could be compared to the tremulous emotion, experienced at the approach of a truly beloved object; nor the esteem his virtues excited, to the exquisite rapture awakened by the bare remembrance of him who really possesses a devoted heart.

Naturally volatile, and living mostly in a metropolis, my bosom remained torpidly insensible; but expanding in the sweet rural retreats surrounding your romantic residence in Swisserland, love united itself voluntarily, with the aspect of beautiful nature; and it was in the society of one of your amiable countrymen, my heart first beat with the tendereſt of all emotions.—Our daily walks through the impending rocks of the lonely mountains, whose precipices were crowned with impenetrable woods, seemed to encrease my susceptibility; and inspiring my mind with

with rapturous enthuſiaſm, drew aſide and ſubjugated my treacherous heart.

But alas! wherefore do I dwell on ſcenes too endearing, and objects too dangerouſly intereſting, which even unſought preſs too conſtantly on my recollection, and warm my imagination? Let me rather, my friend, diſmiſs this faſcinating theme, for one I muſt believe intereſting to you, who have ſo tenderly touched on the ſubject of my mother's health. Her tour on the continent, ſeems to have re-eſtabliſhed her conſtitution: Would I could ſay her ſpirits had received equal benefit from a ſucceſſive change of ſcene. The firſt and the laſt ſmiles which, ſince her widowhood, chaſed dejection from her countenance, were the reflection of thoſe irradiating from your eyes, whilſt the hoſpitable invitations of your charming family, drew her daily to your houſe,

during our happy reſidence near you. —Ah! my Gertrude, on what rapid pinions did thoſe moments fly!

But adieu—deareſt friend, or I ſhall continue to dwell on recollections I ought for ever to forget!

LETTER VII.

From GERTRUDE to ANGELICA.

Richterſwyl, Jan. 27.

MY deareſt friend—I have peruſed all your letters repeatedly, and particularly your laſt, which I have read over a hundred times, to ſeek ſome elucidation reſpecting the perſon to whom your letters refer.

Can the being bleſſed by your diſtinguiſhing partiality, be my . . . . But I will not hazard a conjecture which might wound either your pride or delicacy.—No, my friend—I reſpect them both; and will not obtrude, even in thought, into the privacies of ſentiment, until

until you yourſelf unlock the door of ſecrecy, which dicretion ſtill keeps cloſed to oppoſe intruſion.

Permit me, however, to hazard a remark on love, ſince it is our theme.—You imagine Herbert's aſſiduities incapable of inſpiring you with that ſentiment.—Perhaps, Angelica, I may be fortunate enough to convince you by your own arguments, that the attachment you felt for that amiable man, had more the character of a genuine and permanent affection, than any caſual emotion local ſituation alone may have awakened in you. Recollect my friend, that in the ſociety of Herbert, you were immerſed in the diſſipation of a buſy metropolis, where your mind muſt unavoidably have been diſtracted from itſelf, by a multiplicity of objects, inſtead of being concentrated in the contemplation of one who ought to have occupied it ſolely.

ſolely. While a reſident in this country, you lived in rural retirement, amidſt pine-clad mountains, and inacceſſible precipices, from whoſe craggy heights the torrent ruſhes, or on whoſe ſtupendous rocks the noble monuments of ancient grandeur, in ivied ruins, rear their majeſtic towers, and, marking ſolitude, add a deeper gloom to the ſhade of the ſurrounding woods. In ſuch ſcenes, a ſimple approbation, when aſſiſted by an ardent imagination like yours, often aſſumes a violent and romantic character.

It is the nature of impetuous paſſions to prey on their own exiſtence.—Let us then indulge the hope that yours may deſtroy itſelf by its own ardor; and leave your mind to the placid enjoyment of the rational and judicious tenderneſs you formerly indulged for the amiable Herbert.

I am

I am concerned to find your mother's ſpirits have not acquired ſufficient ſtrength to ſupport her under the preſſure of her grief.

Dejection is an unpleaſant companion; and has been mine this winter.—My brother's and Arminfeld's abſence at the univerſity leaves our domeſtic circle a prey to all the dullneſs of this cheerleſs ſeaſon.—Your arrival in our neighbourhood laſt winter, diſpelled its gloom and rendered us unmindful of its rigors, which ſtripped the ſurrounding ſcenery of its ſummer decorations.

In the ſociety of thoſe we love, we forget every thing but the charm of the preſence by which we are abſorbed in intellectual enjoyment.

Since the commencement of this dreary ſeaſon, my mind has had full leiſure to dwell on all the regret and ſorrow occaſioned by abſence; and, amidſt

amidſt its own melancholy, to obſerve the face of nature as deſolate as itſelf.

My father's habitual dejection alſo is returned,—it only reſpited him during your ſtay amongſt us; and ſeems to have oppreſſed him more than uſually ſince your family quitted our neighbourhood. In his ſocial intercourſe with you his extenſive information and ſoaring genius enjoyed their natural element.—The ſociety of this place offers nothing intereſting to a mind ſo enlarged as his; and amidſt a crowd, he frequently languiſhes for want of the amuſement his own library or the converſation of his family procures him.

January 28.

I was interrupted yeſterday, to welcome the arrival of Arminfeld and my brother.—Both made innumerable enquiries *about* my ſweet friend Angelica.

As

As a proof that you hold a diſtinguiſhed place in my brother's remembrance, he deſires me to inform you he conſiders himſelf extremely happy in having been fortunate enough to procure a great collection of our national airs, honoured by your approbation.—Theſe he has already forwarded to England, to Lady Belfont's addreſs; and he truſts their ſafe and ſpeedy arrival may procure for him the unſpeakable favour of a moment's recollection, whilſt your voice imparts additional harmony, grace, and expreſſion to their melodies.

I feel I have not been able to do juſtice to the elegance with which my brother cloathed his ſentiments; but your own ideas of eloquence will poliſh his expreſſions into their original brilliancy. Farewel!

LETTER VIII.

From ANGELICA to GERTRUDE.

London, February 12.

THIS date will apprize my deareſt friend of our removal from Belfont Park.

The keen blaſts of a ſevere winter ſtripped its woods of all the ſhelter they afforded my autumnal walks: and whiſtling through an extenſive manſion, compelled us to leave it for my mother's ſnug houſe in Groſvenor Square.

The encreaſing depreſſion of my beloved parent's ſpirits, and my total inability to cheer them, as I once had power to do, rendered our ſtay in the country

country far from desirable to me, although our coming to town, incurred the danger of a meeting with Herbert. His requisite absence, however, at present, on board his vessel, stationed now at Spithead, lessens the apprehension of my immediately encountering a trial, at the idea of which I tremble, but which it will be absolutely impossible to avoid.

Generosity, independant of every other sentiment, would impel me to a candid avowal of the actual situation of my heart, totally unworthy of the gallant Herbert's further pursuit.

His correspondence is with my brother; to whom I have not yet had courage to confess the state of my mind, respecting his Captain and his friend. But to my mother, I have hinted the probable termination of the engagement between Herbert and me. I saw the subject

ſubject affected her; and deſiſted from enlarging on it. Yet the taſk—the painful taſk remains to be compleated. —Ah! Gertrude, pity your unfortunate friend.

February 14.

Since the commencement of my letter, an event has occurred which leaves both my head and my heart in ſuch confuſion I know not how to reſume my pen; yet I feel it neceſſary to converſe with my friend on circumſtances of which my heart is full, and in which, perhaps her future fate and mine may be equally involved.

From the perturbation of my feelings, I can conceive the agitation of my brother, whoſe happineſs entirely depends on the reception you give the

propoſals

propoſals he has now made to you in the moſt reſpectful form through your father.

Surely my friend will not be ſurpriſed at this diſcloſure; for my brother's manners muſt have diſcovered to herſelf as well as to her friends, the indelible impreſſion her perfections made on him from the firſt moment of his introduction to the honour of her acquaintance.—Yet, perhaps your unconſciouſneſs of irreſiſtable attractions, may have rendered you blind to the effect of your charms. I knew my brother acknowledged their power; but was ignorant of his intention of addreſſing you, until he yeſterday confided it to my mother and me; with the honorable reaſons for ſo long delaying to mention this firſt wiſh of his ſoul.

My mother's chief deſire is to behold her darling ſon's felicity, enſured by an union

union with you; who, in her opinion, are exactly the being maternal ſolicitude would ſelect for the object of a beloved child's affection.

For me to unite the endearing title of ſiſter to that of friend, would be a happineſs beyond expreſſion.

Surely Gertrude, your gentle nature will not refuſe to confer joy and favors on beings thus dependant on your ſmiles. As remembrance dwells on their ſweet benignity, and retraces the ſoft expreſſion of your countenance, irradiated by the mild beams of your eyes, hope augurs all it could deſire; and paints the future with the gayeſt tints of joy and love.

If you conſent to grant this general and ſupreme felicity to the united entreaties of our family, we ſhall all repair, on the wings of impatience, to your ſweet abode, where each of our joys will

will be concentred.—And then, in the poſſeſſion of all that love can beſtow, my brother may, ſurely be moved to unite with my kind indulgent mother, to looſe the bonds between me and Herbert; whoſe good ſenſe will eaſily be perſuaded to the belief, that he loſes nothing by my refuſing to beſtow a hand where the heart could never ratify the gift.

And now, deareſt friend—let me add ſweet ſiſter too, as a doubly endearing epithet, I muſt haſten to acknowledge the receipt of the muſic your brother has ſo elegantly preſented. To thank him with a grace equal to his own, muſt be your taſk, for you alone are adequate to the difficult undertaking.

Tell your brother I have played the airs, and find them charming.—Ah! Gertrude, my tears dropped on the keys of my piano-forte, while it produced tones

tones touching and yet ſoothing to my ſoul, which took an aerial flight to former ſcenes of happineſs in Swiſſerland.

Perhaps, my friend, they may again develope themſelves to my view; and realize the fairy viſions of my mental ſight.

You tell me I am ſtill remembered by Arminfeld.—Gertrude, my heart palpitates, and throbs againſt my boſom, as a bird in a cage flutters its wings againſt the yielding door which opens to liberate it to the range of its native woods.—Adieu!

LETTER IX.

From Sir CHARLES BELFONT, Bart. to Dr. WESSERMAN.

Pall Mall, Feb. 13.

MAY I flatter myſelf, my dear Sir, with the hope that you ſometimes honor with your recollection a perſon, who (ſince his departure from Swifferland, where he largely ſhared your hoſpitality) has conſtantly borne you and yours in moſt affectionate remembrance.

The firſt moment I beheld your charming daughter, I became her devoted ſlave.—And my fancy dwells unceaſingly on the object by whom my heart and underſtanding are equally captivated.—Over a paſſion like mine, abſence

abſence can have no deſtructive power. —The beauteous Gertrude is ever preſent with me; I ſee her before me every where, and continually; and ideally gaze on her enchanting eyes, equally celeſtial in their expreſſion and lovely azure, ſhaded by eyelaſhes as fine and gloſſy as her auburn treſſes; every moment I think I behold the benign ſmile, which plays round her lovely lips, whoſe coral hue heightens the pearly whiteneſs of her teeth; I ſeem for hours to gaze enraptured on the ſoft contour of her Grecian face, ſo admirably ſuited to her exquiſitely proportioned form; I recollect with admiration the inexpreſſible grace of all her eaſy movements, the elegance of her manners, the ſoftneſs of her voice; and above all, I dwell with delight on the remembrance of her refined taſte, the exquiſite ſenſibility of her mind,

the virgin purity of her ſoul, the correctneſs of her judgment, and the ſoundneſs of her uncommon underſtanding, ſo cultivated and adorned by parental inſtructions, and the extenſive information of the moſt amiable, and moſt accompliſhed of fathers and of mothers.—The impreſſion made by each of you on my affection can never be obliterated either by ſeparation or time; and the remembrance of my abode in Swiſſerland, with the objects which rendered it enchanting, muſt ever be deeply engraven on my heart.

I have, ſince that period, daily longed for an occaſion of addreſſing you, but this is the firſt moment which licenſes my application on a ſubject too near my heart to permit me to think or write on any other. My admiration of your incomparable daughter would have been my only theme ever ſince I had the happineſs

happineſs of being introduced to her, and her innumerable excellencies, had I not endeavoured (yet, perhaps, vainly) to conceal my ſentiments towards her until, in ſoliciting the honor of her hand, I could offer an income and eſtabliſhment in ſome degree ſuitable to her.—I pretend not, however, that mine are entirely worthy of her intrinſic merit;—but I can preſent to her a heart, which has that of knowing how to appreciate a being ſo admirable as to be infinitely ſuperior to any man's pretenſions.

On the ſubject of my finances I purpoſe to be open with you, my dear Sir, and therefore think myſelf bound to confeſs, that on my father's deceaſe, my paternal fortune was much encumbered from the unbounded generoſity of a parent, whoſe ſpirit and benevo-

lence went much beyond his powers of expence.

I have, at length, extricated myſelf from my pecuniary embarraſſments, in an honorable manner, by a ſtrict obſervance of the moſt rigid economy ſince my father's death.—And, after having enjoyed the happineſs of diſcharging the filial and paternal duties of rendering my amiable mother and ſiſter entirely independant of me, I calculate my income at its loweſt annual produce, when I eſtimate its amount at 2,500 pounds ſterling per annum.

This fortune I requeſt you to ſettle in any manner your judgment may ſuggeſt as moſt conducive to your ſatisfaction and the advantage of her at whoſe feet I entreat permiſſion to pay my unceaſing vows of eternal adoration.

Permit

Permit me now, my dear Sir, to assure you, I have the honor to be, with sentiments of the truest respect for every member of your amiable family,

Your ever obliged,
Most obedient and devoted
humble Servant,
CHARLES BELFONT.

LETTER X.

From GERTRUDE to ANGELICA.

Richterſwyl, March 3.

My deareſt, my charming friend!

AH! Angelica, let not your gentle nature condemn me to forfeit the ineſtimable privilege of continuing to uſe and to poſſeſs that title in our intercourſe with each other, although I am under the neceſſity of refuſing to aſſume the appellation of ſiſter.

My heart has long ſince adopted you as ſuch.—And I would fain ſolicit permiſſion to call Sir Charles my brother. —As ſuch I muſt ever regard him—to promiſe more would be beyond my power of performance; for my inviolable faith has long been plighted to a being

being whoſe vows are irrevocably mine —and this being is Arminfeld.

How is it, my friend, that we have lived in a conſtant confidential intercourſe for nine months without a mutual diſcovery of this circumſtance?

It is true I never ſpoke to you of my engagement to Arminfeld—yet I imagined you muſt have perceived its exiſtence; and I attributed your ſilence on the ſubject to a delicacy in you that ſpared mine the direct confeſſion of a ſentiment almoſt too touching to enlarge upon, unleſs in a privacy we ſeldom had an opportunity of enjoying without the expectation of interruption. Our viſits were made in the company of our mothers; and our walks were ſcarcely ever unaccompanied by our brothers and Arminfeld, either ſeparately or together.

Never, however, ſhall I be exculpated to myſelf for the commiſſion of this crime againſt friendſhip, if the reſerve natural to my diſpoſition have induced either you, my ſweet friend, or your eſtimable brother, to form wiſhes impoſſible to be realized, or to indulge hopes which muſt terminate in diſappointment.

In pity, Angelica, add not your reproaches to thoſe ſevere ones ſelf-accuſation inflicts.—The latter are almoſt inſupportable—the former would be entirely paſt endurance.

To my father I commit the taſk, neceſſity impoſes, of rejecting, in my name, your brother's generous propoſals.—How much I feel on the occaſion; and how ſenſible I am to Sir Charles's merits; and the honor his election, and that of the amiable

Lady

Lady Belfont confers, my pen endeavours in vain to expreſs.—Neither can it do juſtice to the animated ſentiments of my unalterable affection for you, moſt charming and beloved of friends.

LETTER XI.

From the ſame to the ſame.

Richterſwyl, May 5.

SPRING is come, and has already decked every ſpray with budding foliage, and with fragrant bloſſoms. Regenerated nature ſmiles in the genial ſun-beams which gild our rural ſcenes: while the ruſtic villagers around us joyouſly anticipate a plenteous produce from the new-ſown fields, now ſpringing into verdure;—but my ſorrowful heart forms a ſtriking contraſt to the univerſal gaiety ſurrounding our habitation; where every boſom ſympathizes with me in the

the anxiety your unuſual ſilence occaſions.

I will not upbraid you——

Perhaps you will think I have no right to reproach you—and even deny me any claims upon your friendſhip, conceiving my laſt letter forfeited all pretenſions to a reply.

Ah! Angelica—is it ſo?

My mind is loſt in conjectures; each unſatisfactory, and moſt of them tormenting.

Let me ſupplicate a releaſe from this ſtate of racking anxiety.—Any wretchedneſs which painful certainty could inflict, would be, methinks, preferable to a ſtate of ſuſpenſe; where the tortured mind, amidſt a crowd of dire preſages, each ſurpaſſing reaſonable probability, combines them into an aggregate of intolerably horrid apprehenſion.

In

In this situation I feel an inability of adding more than the sincere assurance of unabated and eternal friendship.

LETTER XII.

From the ſame to the ſame.

Ritchterſwyl, July 1.

SINCE the diſpatch of my laſt enquiries reſpecting you, my beloved Angelica, tedious days have ſucceeded each other, until week after week has lagged on in dull rotation, bringing two long months in their courſe, and yet I languiſh in the melancholy of cruelly anxious ſuſpence about you.

Wherefore does the once gentle and compaſſionate Angelica thus torment a being, who knew few pleaſures equal to thoſe which drew their ſource from friendſhip's pure and ſacred ſpring?

Are its waters perturbed?

Or

Or has the fountain, once apparently inexhauſtible, ceaſed to flow?

Should the loſs of your friendſhip be my lot, I muſt believe my misfortune doubled by the loſs of your eſteem alſo, in which alone the forfeiture of your affection muſt have originated.—But conſcious innocence, appealing to your juſtice, tranquillizes this fear, while anxiety ſuggeſts a dread that illneſs, or elſe ſome grief abſorbs you too entirely to heed the voice of friendſhip.

What can your ſilence portend?

To this reiterated interrogation of anxiety, affection hopes, and yet tremblingly fears a reply. Angelica—farewel!

LETTER XIII.

From ANGELICA to GERTRUDE.

Weymouth, Auguſt 10.

THE ſoft voice of friendſhip ſeems to have recalled me from the gates of the tomb, long open to receive me. Say not then, my friend, that my ſoul is unheedful of the calls of amity, ſince partly to it I owe a reſurrection from the bed of ſickneſs, whence my ſpirit had nearly taken wing to ſoar in regions unclouded by earthly ſorrows.

Ah! ſpare me, Gertrude, a recollection of thoſe that are paſt.—But no—my heart ſtill acknowledges the claims of friendſhip, and confidence, in unboſoming its paſt afflictions to you, will

will feel every freſhly bleeding wound healed by the balm of ſympathetic participation.

Since the date of my laſt letter to you, my ſweet friend, many months have elapſed: and the intervening time has been full of trying circumſtances. They have been afflicting, and keenly felt; but, if the flattering hope I entertain be realized, that they have corrected my head and meliorated my heart, I will not regret the ſufferings I have endured.

Thoſe occaſioned by your refuſal of my brother's addreſſes were amongſt the moſt painful.

Naturally ſanguine, I had permitted hope to lull each once corroding ſorrow to repoſe—I dwelt on paſt ſcenes with rapturous remembrance; and, ſolely occupied by the ſweet anticipation of their return, I forgot every thing beſides;

ſides; and even baniſhed the idea of Herbert.

Ah! from what a dream did your letter awaken me.——

The receipt of it gave a ſhock to my feelings, which the energy of my conſtitution could not reſiſt.—It yielded to a debilitating malady, whoſe effects became each day more evident; and, in ſpite of my efforts to conceal the illneſs that preyed upon my vital powers, my friends perceived the daily diminution of my ſtrength.

In a ſtate of extreme weakneſs, I learned from my brother, that Herbert's arrival in town was ſoon to be expected.

This intelligence, and the hourly anticipation of the difficulties his preſence would produce, encreaſed my malady conſiderably.

The account of my ſituation, communicated by my brother, haſtened Herbert to London; and he arrived at our houſe one evening before the leave he had ſolicited from the Admiralty was thence diſpatched to ſanction his abſence from his ſtation.

Anxious to behold me, he flew into my preſence, and acknowledged that uneaſineſs reſpecting me, and eagerneſs to ſee me, had, for the firſt time in his life, occaſioned his breach of duty. "Submiſſive to command," added he, "my impatience has long yielded to conſtraint: but my heart bows to a more deſpotic ſovereign than even profeſſional etiquette; and flies to proſtrate itſelf at the feet of love."

This ſpeech from an officer ſo diſtinguiſhed in the Britiſh navy was a compliment indeed:—but my heart did not animate me to expreſs any pleaſure.—

I am

I am not a hypocrite, and Herbert perceived my coldneſs with uncommon dejection.—It laſted during his ſtay with us, which he ſhortened more than uſual; and ſaluting my mother reſpectfully, excuſed his abrupt departure, for which his buſineſs, he ſaid, muſt apologize. After ſhaking my brother warmly by the hand, he bowed to me; and in a low voice, requeſted permiſſion to ſee me alone on the following morning, at any hour I would name: I mentioned one; and he was punctual to the appointment, which I awaited with inconceivable agitation.

Herbert, on his entrance, accoſted me with a more dignified air than I had ever ſeen him aſſume—and after a pointedly ceremonious obſervance of the firſt common courteſies, he left me not a moment at a loſs how to commence the dreaded converſation; but began by

by assuring me he considered me perfectly at liberty to destroy every hope with which I once had honored him, and which my delicacy or sense of propriety might conceive obligatory; for that he would refuse to acknowledge any promise on my part binding, if I had ever seriously wished for the power of retracting it.

"Imagine not, however," added he, "that the licence I present to you is a cloak to any change of sentiment in me —no, Madam, my heart, like the compass, by which the mariner steers, true as the needle to the Northern pole, points its affection invariably to you.

"I have endeavoured to prove its ardor, by the unremitting attention of several years; and should not have thought any length of assiduities too great a price for the felicity of touching your heart. If, however, I have

have failed to effect that firſt wiſh of mine, I ſhall henceforth withdraw every pretenſion to your hand; and relinquiſh it with one conſolatory reflection at leaſt; that, in leaving you entirely miſtreſs of your future fate, I prove incontrovertibly the ſincerity of my attachment, which conſiders your happineſs more than its own gratification.

"I am in Sir Charles's confidence, and know that he has experienced a diſappointment ſimilar to that I now lament. Our profeſſion renders us companions; and our mutual friendſhip will ſeek each other's conſolation. Henceforth ours will conſiſt in the conſtant diſcharge of naval duties:—and on a ſailor's element we will devote our lives to guard the Britiſh flag, inſtead of dedicating ourſelves, as we had fondly hoped, to the ſofter occupation of domeſtic affections."

All

All this he ſpoke with a firm tone of voice—but it began to falter when he took my hand, and bowing on it, declared it to be free; and bid a laſt adieu to every hope.

This ſcene paſſed in the drawing-room, where my deceaſed father's portrait wears the ſmile with which he bleſſed our plighted vows, juſt previous to the awful moment of his diſſolution. Unable to encounter the regards of the gallant Herbert, whoſe mildneſs was a tacit reproach to me, my eyes involuntarily rivetted themſelves on my father's picture.—My heart recoiled at its own depravity; and in a moment of contrition I ejaculated,—"Herbert, your virtues, ever brilliant, now ſhine with redoubled luſtre; and if I accept the liberation you generouſly offer, it will be from the fear that, in uniting myſelf to a character ſo ſuperiorly great and noble

as

as yours, mine, from its extreme inferiority, muſt be unable to confer the happineſs you ſo highly merit."

I trembled—Herbert's firmneſs yielded to emotion; and he firſt interrupted the ſilence it occaſioned by ſaying—"Ah! Miſs Belfont, could I but flatter myſelf I ſhould ever be intereſting to you, I would patiently ſubmit the completion of my felicity to your pleaſure—or even to your caprice," added he ſmiling. His ſmile cheered my mind, as ſunbeams partially irradiate a landſcape; over a great portion of which dark clouds impending, caſt a gloomy ſhade. I ſmiled faintly alſo, while I told him "I felt his reproof much too gentle a retort for the caprices which had governed the former part of my life.—But," added I, "my manners are altered; I am no longer the thoughtleſs giddy crea-

ture you once knew me—Gravity is become habitual to me."

"I thought you changed indeed," rejoined Herbert. "Ah! Angelica—it is impoſſible for you, whoſe heart is inſenſible to the emotions of a tender paſſion, to conceive how I was ſtruck and repelled by the frigidity of your reception."

"After an abſence of a tedious year, my impatience fled even from the poſt of duty, to behold you, who I flattered myſelf would receive me at leaſt with kindneſs—I dared not hope with tenderneſs.—But I was cruelly diſappointed even in my humbleſt expectations.

Your coldneſs gave me a ſhock I could ſcarcely recover.—The ſoul which could meet a cannon-ball without ſhrinking from the blow of death, trembled at the chilling aſpect with which you received me.—Your diſtant politeneſs laſt night

night gave me the firſt idea of being decidedly diſagreeable to you. Your former playful indifference towards me ſeemed to evince a heart too ſportive to harbour averſion; and which might be won to tenderneſs. That hope detained me your captive.

"Did I deceive myſelf Angelica? Or have you deceived me?"

"I ſhould deteſt myſelf for deceiving any one," I exclaimed, "but to deceive worth like yours I ſhould find impoſſible."

Extreme agitation prevented my making any addition to what I had ſaid. I felt a faintneſs coming over me. Herbert perceived the neceſſity of ſupporting me.—His arms prevented my falling to the ground—and I ſunk into them in a ſwoon.

It was long before I recovered from it: and when I did, I found myſelf exhauſted

to a ſtate too weak to permit my leaving my bed.

During the illneſs which confined me to it, I received your firſt letter expreſſive of ſurpriſe at my ſilence.

The ſenſibility with which you dwelt on that ſubject, made me feel that my exiſtence was eſſential to the enjoyment of your happineſs; and I prayed for the prolongation of my life, to dedicate it to friendſhip ſolely, ſince it muſt not be devoted to love.

I was too much debilitated to hold a pen, and before I had gained ſufficient ſtrength to write, the arrival of your ſecond letter increaſed, if poſſible, my impatience to alleviate the anxieties of your friendſhip, and indulge mine by pouring out its effuſions to you.

At length, however, I am permitted to enjoy this pleaſure; and to inform you, my ever beloved Gertrude, that my

my confinement has been a long one; and I truſt productive of ultimate advantage to me.

In the leiſure attendant on illneſs, and the ſerioufneſs occaſioned by it, the mind has time for the reflection to which it becomes diſpoſed.—And I delivered myſelf entirely to the conſideration of exiſting circumſtances.

At the moment we nearly contemplate death, life diveſts itſelf of all its romantic illuſions,—and our actions aſſume their proper colours, unvarniſhed by ſelf-flattery.

I beheld inſurmountable obſtacles to my reviſiting Swiſſerland even if my days ſhould be ſpared.—I could never enfold you as a ſiſter to my boſom—nor again behold the object, whoſe impreſſion on it once ſeemed indelible. I endeavoured to forget his exiſtence, ſince it muſt not be for me that he lived: —

And, from the neceſſity of burying my paſſion in oblivion, I ſeemed to aſſume the power of forgetfulneſs.

In a ſtate approaching to compoſure I occupied my thoughts with the admiration of Herbert's merits.

His anxiety for the happineſs of my family, greatly diſtreſſed by my dangerous ſituation, brought him daily, and almoſt hourly, to our houſe.—I felt my obligations to him; and requeſted he might be thanked in my name for his ſolicitous enquiries reſpecting me.

His ſteady mind, firm to its firſt attachment, ſtill cheriſhed an unabated affection towards me, and, flattered by the uncommon condeſcenſion of my behaviour to him when he felicitated me on quitting my room, his manners aſſumed an irreſiſtible ſoftneſs.

From the wiſh of having it in my power to confer felicity on the amiable

Herbert,

Herbert, I almoſt imagined I might acquire a ſelf-approving conſciouſneſs which would enſure mutual peace and rational happineſs. Contentment at leaſt muſt ever acompany the diſcharge of moral and religious duties, comprehended in thoſe we owe ourſelves and others.

In conſenting to beſtow my hand on Herbert immediately on my recovery, at the joint ſolicitations of my mother and my brother, I ſeemed to have obtained my deſire of finding my own felicity concentered in that of my family.

Nothing could ſurpaſs the apparent joy of Herbert; and he only waited my perfect re-eſtabliſhment in health, to requeſt me to fix the day that was to unite us indiſſolubly. But fate ſeems adverſe to our union; for, after his late

promotion to the rank of admiral, his country calls for his ſervices; and he muſt repair to ſea a few days hence.

At his entreaties, and for the benefit of the freſh breezes wafted by the ocean to theſe ſhores, I have accompanied my mother to this place, where we wait the ſailing of the fleet now commanded by Herbert, in which my brother has obtained a veſſel.—Poor Charles! Henceforth his profeſſion muſt be every thing to him.

The deſire of haſtening the diſpatch of this compels me to conclude.

Be aſſured you muſt ever continue to live in the tendereſt remembrances of my mother and my brother. And that my heart, amidſt all its changes, remains unalterable towards its deareſt friend—the admirable Gertrude.

LETTER XIV.

From the ſame to the ſame.

Weymouth, Aug. 16.

I STILL owe you a letter, my deareſt friend. The pleaſure of diſcharging the debt, and the leiſure which permits me to follow my inclination of writing to you, impels me irreſiſtably towards this charming intercourſe.

My mother and I are ſtill at Weymouth as my date will inform you; but Herbert and my brother are departed.

Nothing now invites our ſtay but the ſalubrity of the ſea air; which has had the happieſt effects on my dear mother's health; and has greatly recruited mine.

Yeſterday morning as we ſtood on the ſhore, inhaling the freſh breeze wafted from the ocean, we beheld the embarkation of my brother and the gallant Herbert. As their bark cut the curling waves, my eyes ſhed tears on the ſands as briny as the ſurge which waſhed their parting footſteps, imprinted on the beach.

My heart had melted into tenderneſs at the manly grief of Herbert on his approaching departure; and the emotions his adieus excited reſembled love.—Since I have experienced theſe legitimate ſenſations, I am ſatisfied with myſelf, and whilſt I feel more worthy of Herbert's affection, I ſeem to acquire additional claims to your friendſhip. I will not think it the leſs ſincere or animated for having withheld a full confidence from mine; but attribute its reſerve

ſerve to the timidity and delicacy of your nature, which avoided touching on a theme ſo affecting as love. I am ſenſible it ſhrinks from declaration, except to its object. And perhaps you owe the knowledge of my engagement to Herbert, to the ſmall ſhare of intereſt my heart then took in it.

Adieu, my beloved Gertrude.—It ſeems an age ſince I received any intelligence of you: and I entreat you to relieve, as ſoon as poſſible, the anxieties of faithful friendſhip.

Direct your letter to London; as we purpoſe returning thither in the enſuing week.

Remember, my friend, that there in a ſtate of convaleſcence, and during Herbert's abſence, I ſhall partake ſo ſparingly of the ſcanty amuſements and ſociety the metropolis affords at this dull ſeaſon, that I ſhall have full leiſure for

wearineſs; therefore divert me from it by long letters filled with every circumſtance relative to yourſelf; and believe that the moſt trivial event connected with you will ever greatly intereſt my heart; which, amidſt all the changes of life, muſt remain invariable towards you.

LETTER XV.

From GERTRUDE to ANGELICA.

Richterſwyl, Sept. 3.

SWEET muſt be every taſk impoſed by friendſhip.—And thoſe for its ſervice doubly delightful.

Yes! Angelica; I will write to you: and tell you every thing about myſelf.

There was but one requeſt my friend could have made to me in vain.—Why, alas! was ſhe doomed to entreat what I was compelled to refuſe?

But—let us forget the paſt!

Yet no:—Gertrude can never ceaſe to remember a period conſecrated by the comencement of her ſacred friendſhip for

for the amiable Angelica. May we ever mentally unite in this endearing recollection; and, regiſtering our amity on the records of time paſt, in adamantine cyphers, let us fix our eyes on their irradiating brilliancy, in whoſe ſparkles ſurrounding objects will be loſt; as the ſtars are confounded in the ſun's refulgence. Believe me, Angelica, the diamond's indeſtructibility and reſplendance render it a true emblem of my eternal and animated friendſhip.

It felicitates you on a return to health and happineſs; and prays moſt ardently for their uninterrupted duration.

A diminution of your felicity muſt unavoidably tarniſh the luſtre of the brighteſt tiſſue which the hand of fate could weave for me.

Yes! my friend—our joys and ſorrows are each other's; and our lots are interwoven in the loom of future time, in cloſeſt

cloſeſt texture. Henceforth, your boſom ſhall be a ſacred repoſitory for my every inmoſt thought, and ſecret purpoſe. And let this obtain forgiveneſs from my friend, for the concealment of thoſe events of my life, which my natural reſerve, and want of opportunity, combined to keep from her knowledge.

And now, Angelica, in the faithful narrative of my paſt life, and in the account of that part of it yet to come, know me as I know myſelf.

Ever ſince my birth, my father has filled the ſituation of phyſician to his native village; where his profeſſional abilities are at once the admiration and relief of the adjacent country.—But genius and excellence, alas! procure a man enemies in proportion to his celebrity.—And envy and malevolence have almoſt unceaſingly planted the ſharpeſt

thorns

thorns in the public path my father's office deſtined him to tread.

Amongſt our neighbours, however, the family of Arminfeld ever diſtinguiſhed us by their eſteem and preference; and their only ſon Adalbert, ſome years older than myſelf, has been the almoſt daily companion of my childiſh paſtimes.

For me, he pulled the ſweeteſt flowers; for me, he gathered the choiceſt fruit, and nurſed the firſtlings of his paternal flocks, to follow my ſteps with fond affection.

My father perceived in the young Adalbert, the dawn of a genius whoſe meridian would ſhine reſplendant.—He loved to converſe with youth, to behold, and encourage the development of brilliant talents; and, attended by my brother and Arminfeld, he ſpent whole days in traverſing unfrequented wilds, where contem-

contemplation leads the footſteps of the ſage; and ſublimes his intellectual powers.

Oftentimes my father and his youthful companions, repoſed their weary limbs, where the ſpreading branches of the beech, or the knotty boughs of aged oaks, wreathed in fantaſtic forms, ſpread a leafy and umbrageous canopy, excluding the ſun-beams, reflected in priſmy colours from the foamy ſpray of a neighbouring caſcade; which precipitated itſelf from the craggy brow of the mountain, whence their ſeat commanded the view of vallies encircled by pine-clad cliffs; where rock on rock towered to the ſky, and reached the clouds; or whence their eyes ſtretched over an extent of landſcape melting into azure diſtance, bounded only by the horizon. While reſting in this elevated ſituation, or reclining, in the heat of noon, beſide a ſtream

a ſtream, murmuring its courſe through the deep ſhades of ſome extenſive foreſt, a book became a relaxation to converſe and fatigue.—

The claſſic author's laborious page, the hiſtorian's records, or the poet's glowing lines, ſpread a mental feaſt; while thought converſed with the heros, ſtateſmen, and philoſophers of every age and nation; and ſtudied the various minds and different manners of men, whence the character could, from a combination of all the virtues, model a ſtandard of excellence for its imitation.

On a return from theſe excurſions, our domeſtic hearth in ſpring and autumn, or our alcove in ſummer, welcomed my father and his young friends to the ſocial board; where my mother's elegance preſided, diſpenſing ſmiles and ſenſe to all around.

Fre-

Frequently, as a recreation after a frugal repaſt, my parents would aſk an air or a ſong from me; and as a reward for the ready obedience with which I flew to execute their commands, my mother would often touch the merry notes of our moſt favourite dances; while, with my brother or Arminfeld, my ſteps beat meaſure to the ſprightly time.

Thus fled the hours of childhood on downy pinions, until time had marked our ages with the date of youth maturing into adoleſcence.

The paſſions then aſſume conſiſtence; and, from the bloſſom of infantine anxieties, the buds of future care expand and ripen with encreaſing years.

The charms of my father's converſation, my mother's faſcinating company, and the animated affection Arminfeld indulged for my brother and me, brought him

him continually to our houſe;—my father's library was open to him; and there he imbibed a predilection for my father's profeſſion. And, on his entrance at the univerſity, he became a medical pupil; for which his talents admirably fitted him.

Labour always propoſes to itſelf ſome object.—To attain that extenſive knowledge and celebrity in the medical profeſſion, which would merit the favors of fortune, became the earneſt deſire of Arminfeld; and to ſhare thoſe riches with me was his firſt wiſh.

Our hearts had long held communion without the aid of language; at length with faultering words he diſcloſed his paſſion for me; and entreated permiſſion to addreſs my parents on the intereſting ſubject.

My regard was above diſguiſe; and, with the bluſhes of a virgin affection, I con-

conſented to liſten to his addreſſes if they were ſanctioned by the approbation of his parents and mine. This was no ſooner ſolicited than obtained; and our union was the prize promiſed to Arminfeld as a reward for the aſſiduous ſtudy neceſſary to fit him for the practice of medicine. This ſtimulus has excited him to inceſſant application; and the deepeſt reſearches in every ſcience connected with a perfect knowledge of his profeſſion. In the diſcharge of its duties, his extenſive capacity, and the ſuavity of his manners, equally adapt him to ſhine conſpicuouſly.

Anticipating future enjoyments, we await the period fixed for our union: and by the charms of each other's ſociety and converſation, and the ſtrict diſcharge of our numerous reſpective duties, we deprive impatience of its pains.

While

While we look forward to the period that is to unite us, we each ſtudy to cultivate thoſe manners and accompliſhments, calculated to enſure our mutual happineſs, and prolong the exiſtence of the paſſion by which we are reciprocally inſpired.

Love may originate in perſonal beauty, but will ſcarcely outlive the ſhort ſeaſon of youthful charms, unleſs it be founded on indeſtructible qualities.

Arminfeld's form at preſent is moulded to the moſt exact ſymmetry, his motions have an eaſy agility, ariſing from the lightneſs of his elegant figure, the ſtrength of exquiſite proportions, and the activity of youth.—It glows in the ruddy hue of his complexion, it gives luſtre to his fine dark eyes, ſparkling with lively intelligence and all the fire of genius.—The gaiety of youth animates every feature, and his whole figure with an

an indefinable expreſſion; which perſonifies grace; and addreſſes the heart in each look and geſture.

But youth will loſe itſelf in age.—Time will bend his commanding ſtature, cramp his activity, dim the brilliancy of his eyes, fade the bloom of his cheeks, furrow numberleſs wrinkles on his ſmooth forehead; now ornamented with careleſsly waving and luxuriant hair, whoſe ſhining brown will be bleached into hoary locks.

Age will deprive us both of perſonal attractions: but may give to our minds more charms than it can take from our appearance.—Trained in habits of goodneſs, they will become each day ſtronger, and meliorate our character.

Arminfeld ſtudies with me every accompliſhment that can enliven our future days.—We read together to cultivate our underſtandings, and fit our minds for intereſting converſation.

Arminfeld

Arminfeld inſtructs me in thoſe ſciences adapted to my ſex. Geography, aſtronomy, and mathematics, as requiſite for the intelligence of the globes.—Arithmetic alſo becomes a neceſſary ſcience towards a proper knowledge of mathematics.—We likewiſe ſtudy perſpective as an agreeable and uſeful acquirement, connected with, and dependant on mathematics; which in each of its ſeveral branches renders the underſtanding clear and comprenſive; and leads it to the diſcovery of truth in innumerable ſhapes.—In drawing, our pencil is guided by it to produce the real appearances of nature.

Arminfeld paints with me.—Our ſubjects are various: ſometimes we delineate the romantic ſcenery ſurrounding us;—ſometimes we pourtray human forms; and group them in pieces to repreſent

preſent the impreſſive incidents of hiſtory; and ſometimes we ſketch the figures of animals, or eternize the vivid tints of fading flowers. Under my father we ſtudy together the ſeveral languages of Europe.

In theſe amuſive occupations, time fleets on rapid pinions, while it marks its flight by improvement; and leaves behind it numberleſs monuments, as laſting memorials of itſelf and our exiſtence.

For Arminfeld I awaken the ſounds of harmony, while love gives expreſſion to the ſweet melody of my dulcit harp, and ſoftens the tones of my voice, as it accompanies the favorite airs of him who liſtens to my muſic. Arminfeld delights in it; and ſometimes plays the flute while I ſing, or touch the keys of my mother's piano-forte.

Thus we beguile the hours, and paſs an innocent and uſeful life; equally ſtudious of our preſent and future happineſs, and imparting it to thoſe around us.

Arminfeld's energetic ſoul, ever in uniſon with mine, ſympathizes in the ardor of my friendſhip for you; and unites with me in the moſt fervent prayers for your attainment of that felicity for which your exquiſitely refined ſenſibility ſo ſuperiorly qualifies you.

I felicitate the amiable Herbert on his gaining the haven of his happineſs; where I truſt he will in future be ſheltered from the ſtorms of your diſfavor. Angelica, ever bear in mind Herbert's intrinſic worth, remember his numerous and ſtrong claims on your heart; and let him enjoy an uninterrupted calm in the ſunſhine of your unceaſing ſmiles.

My

My heart with regret, now bids its deareſt friend moſt affectionately farewel!

LETTER XVI.

From ANGELICA to GERTRUDE.

Groſvenor Square, Sept. 30.

PREPARE, Gertrude to open your boſom to the ſorrows of an unhappy being, deſtined to wretchedneſs herſelf, and to communicate it to others.

Is the unfortunate Angelica doomed to be ſhipwrecked always within view of the harbour where her happineſs hoped to anchor? and is her ill-fated heart ever to be daſhed on the very rocks which ſurround the port of her felicity?

Surely, my friend, the cup of life is preſented to my lips full, to the brim, of the bitterneſs of exiſtence unmixed with any

any of its ſweets. Yet let me deſiſt from impious complaints; nor in the privation of one bleſſing bury the remembrance of thoſe which ſtill remain; but in the arms of friendſhip enjoy the ſolace it affords to all the woes of life.

Imagine, Gertrude, how much I ſtand in need of conſolation when I inform you that perhaps at this moment the gallant, faithful, virtuous Herbert is no more!—

The public voice, and a letter from my brother, apprize us of the probability of this fatal event.

The ſquadron, commanded by Herbert, was ordered to ſea in queſt of the enemy's fleet, reported to have ſailed from Breſt. Ours ſoon ſpied, chaced, and boldly engaged it with a force greatly inferior. But Britiſh valor carried the day, notwithſtanding the ſuperior number of the Gallic ſhips; and

the wounded Herbert's blood purchaſed a glorious victory for his grateful country; which celebrates with tears, inſtead of rejoicings, the conqueſt of rich prizes captured by the bleeding and languiſhing victor.

My brother ſnatches a pen to inform me haſtily that Herbert is dangerouſly wounded; but that in the midſt of excruciating ſufferings he is mindful of me, and anxious I ſhould be informed he conſecrates his trophies to me, the tutelar deity of his valor; and offers them encircled with a band whoſe motto is, "*Herbert's laſt ſigh devotes theſe to Angelica.*"

Alas! retroſpection tells me I do not merit this.—My heart ſinks into ſadneſs.—Gertrude, I can add no more than an adieu!

LETTER XVII.

From GERTRUDE to ANGELICA.

Richterſwyl, Oct. 14.

LET the aſſiduities of tender friendſhip pour balm into your heart, my beloved Angelica. Mine bleeds over the gallant Herbert; while I hope to hear the tidings of his ſafety, and yet tremble at the probability of melancholy intelligence reſpecting him. In the midſt of your grief, Angelica, receive conſolation from the idea that the tears of a whole nation fill the funereal urn, and embalm the aſhes of him who falls honorably in the

ſacred cauſe of his country and his ſovereign; and that his name ſurvives in the hiſtorian's records, and, given to fame, ſhall echo through the world till time ſhall be no more: But Herbert's ſhall even outlive the univerſal wreck of matter; and, inſhrined in virtue, remain as eternal as its ſource.

Write to me inſtantly my friend.—Yet what do I aſk?—for I cannot ſuppoſe you capable of devoting one moment even to friendſhip, either in the caſe of Herbert's ſafety or danger; and I muſt not requeſt more than to hear of you through any one whom you can employ as your ſecretary.

Arminfeld unites with me in the tendereſt condolences.—What dare I add more at this diſtance of time and place?

I can only aſſure you I ſpend the days and

and nights in reſtleſs anxiety, and alternate hopes and fears reſpecting you—and that my affection for you is unbounded.

LETTER XVIII.

From ANGELICA to GERTRUDE.

Groſvenor Square, Oct. 15.

DEAR friend of my heart, and partner of all its cares, I haſten to relieve you from the anxiety my laſt letter muſt have occaſioned.

Gertrude, the amiable Herbert lives! partake my joy, as you have ſhared my ſorrows; and for once let me dwell on circumſtances of pleaſure. Believe me I lament that our intercourſe ſince we parted, has been a continual ſource of uneaſineſs inſtead of happineſs to you, from the correſpondence on my part, having

having been conſtantly in a complaining and melancholy ſtrain.

I once was gay—perhaps I may yet be ſo—and when Herbert returns I think I ſhall.

In the meanwhile I will only detain this letter to inſert the copy of one I have juſt received from Herbert.

"I ſeize the firſt moment I am permitted to write, to dedicate it entirely to you, whoſe idea employs them all."

"Angelica, I have fought—and conquered under your auſpices. My laurels I throw at your feet; whoſe remembrance inſpired the courage to win them. Your applauſe will be my richeſt prize.—And believe me, Angelica, your eſteem and friendſhip will be the only favors I ſhall ſolicit, if the wounds I have received in battle, render my perſon diſagreeable to you."

"Prepare to ſee me ſcared and al-

tered in my appearance—but with a ſoul unchanged; devoted to you as ever, and prepared to ſacrifice all ſelfiſh intereſts to your happineſs. When we meet, Angelica, be candid with me I entreat—and if you ſhould feel a diminution of regard for the maimed and altered Herbert, remember, he liberates you entirely."

This charming letter needs no comment, and my reply to it will ſpeak my feelings.

" Herbert—moſt noble of men—moſt generous of lovers, I accept the liberation you offer—Angelica deſires to be free.—

My firſt conſent to your wiſhes you obtained through the entreaties of an expiring father.—To my mother's and my brother's perſuaſions you owe my ſecond determination in your favor.—But to my heart alone you are indebted for my preſent

preſent vows, which gratitude, admiration, and love, conſecrate to you for ever!"

"My wiſhes to form your felicity, will be as unchangeable as your virtues, —and my eſteem and affection as eternal as my exiſtence."

If Gertrude approve my conduct, I ſhall feel it muſt be right. My friend, adieu!

LETTER XIX.

From the ſame to the ſame.

Groſvenor Square, Oct. 30.

EVER delighted to ſhare my joys with the friend of my heart, I again reſume the pen to inform her of the ſequel of my happineſs; and ſhould feel it incomplete without participation.

As events occur to each of us, let us henceforth on either ſide communicate them without waiting the formality of replies to our letters. Thus our intercourſe will be more frequent, and we ſhall ceaſe to feel ſo continually, the diſtance which ſeparates us.

Yeſterday morning I received a few lines

lines from my brother, to prepare me for his and Herbert's immediate preſence. My heart fluttered in hourly expectation of their arrival; and, as the evening cloſed, a carriage drove up to the door, from which our promiſed viſitors alighted.

My ſoul flew forward to my brother's embraces, and to welcome Herbert in a manner worthy of himſelf and me.—But agitation fixed me motionleſs to my ſeat, and the two heroes were in my preſence before I had power to leave my chair. My limbs trembled as I roſe.

My mother held Charles long preſſed to a maternal boſom.—And in the meanwhile Herbert carried my offered hand to his lips, with an ardor that teſtified a warm and unchangeable heart. Mine felt in return the moſt lively regard; and animated my countenance with an expreſſion which reflected in Herbert's contentment, and joy unſpeakable.

" Do

"Do you not find me much altered?" demanded he, pointing with his right hand to his forehead and his left arm. It was ſuſpended in a ſling, and a black band, paſſing diagonally over his brows, ſpoke forcibly to my feelings, mine and his country's obligations to its brave defender.

"I do find you altered, my dear Herbert," anſwered I, "but ſo improved as to be infinitely more intereſting to me than ever. Surely," cried I, "you muſt have ſuffered much."

"My wounds are a mere nothing," rejoined Herbert, "I would willingly have endured a hundred times as much to ſerve my king and country, and defend my fair country-women; and all the blood it has coſt me is infinitely overpaid by your ſmiles, my dear Angelica, who are the faireſt of them all."

"Yet let not my adoration nor mere gratitude

gratitude bind you to any thing—Angelica you are ſtill free. A heart animated by your approbation, feels itſelf equal to any ſacrifice, conſcious rectitude will recompence me."

"Can you indeed, Angelica, look at my perſon without making compariſons with my former ſelf to my preſent diſadvantage? My wounds are in a ſtate of amendment, or I could not have incurred the fatigue of a long journey to throw myſelf at your feet.—But the wound in my arm may yet deprive me of it.—I ſtarted with affright—but, inſtantly recovering myſelf, aſſured him my apprehenſion was for him alone.—"As for myſelf," reſumed I, "my attachment is inſured by that which is unalterable.—Your mind, like ore of intrinſic value, acquires greater refinement and more worth by every trial.—But," added I, "truth has led me from my

quiſite ſentiment, and genuine happineſs.

Love is eſteem refined into tenderneſs —and is only ſuſceptible of felicity and capable of communicating it when its paſſion is legitimate.—I felt at that inſtant that Herbert was my firſt and only love.

Our moments of mutual enjoyment were ſoon interrupted by the tumult of an advancing mob. The noiſy crowd approached by the blaze of waving torches to the ſound of marrow-bones and clevers. We flew to the window, and opened it, intending to enquire the meaning of the rabble; but before we could effect our purpoſe the uproar was increaſed by loud huzzas, intermixed with repeated acclamations of "Herbert for ever!" "*Lights! Lights!*"

All the oppoſite windows were inſtantly illuminated. Ours, laſt in lighting, were

ſmaſhed

ſmaſhed to pieces by the unruly and indiſcriminating populace, who intended reſpect to the very people they were inſulting. This, however, was at length diſcovered; and when it was known that the brave Admiral was in our houſe it was ſurrounded by all the din a riotous mob could make. Herbert was obliged to ſhew himſelf—a hundred hats thrown into the air, with ſhouts, proclaimed his appearance. Never ſhall I forget the dignified modeſty of his deportment.

Conceive, Gertrude, a handſome manly figure, about five and thirty, whoſe eagle eyes gliſtened with the fire of courage, tempered by humanity. His height ſomewhat diminiſhed by a ſailor's careleſs ſlouch, which took nothing from his noble and undaunted air. The band acroſs his forehead, and the ſling which ſupported his arm marked

him

him the hero of the ſcene; and a magnificently brilliant one it was indeed! The air was on fire with innumerable rockets, the ſtreets were in a blaze with bonfires; every window in this immenſe metropolis was illuminated, and on all the public buildings the initials of Herbert's name in coloured lamps, ſurmounted by an anchor, and encircled with feſtoons, irradiated a varied luſtre; as gems reſplendent in the ſun's brighteſt beams.

The noiſe of the populace became ſo great we found it adviſable to leave our houſe; and getting out at a back-door into a neighbour's yard, and thence into an adjoining mews, we effected our eſcape from the tumult ſurrounding our houſe. We found it, however, almoſt equalled by that in every ſtreet through which we paſſed to the admiralty; where a ſuperb tranſparent emblematical painting

ing (in which Herbert, guarding Brittannia, was crowned by Fame) was diſplayed, environed by a decorative frame in coloured lamps. The ſtar, crown, and ſceptre were ſuſpended over it; and beneath the painting, the naval trophies ſeemed to be placed as its ſupport.

Wherever I beheld the buſt of Herbert in tranſparency, my heart acknowledged its ſovereign.

Although deeply intereſted in this deſcription, I feel I have not done juſtice to a ſcene ſo ſupremely gratifying to my every ſentiment.

Female vanity arrogated ſome honours to itſelf; and, proud in the poſſeſſion of the gallant Herbert's affections, I almoſt felt myſelf a queen in dignity.

Gertrude, deſpiſe me not for this; ſurely the feeling was not unnatural to the weakneſs of my ſex, from which you alone may be exempted.

November 3.

Have I not already told you enough to make you pardon my intoxication? Yet, Gertrude, I have not told you all.

In our bleſſed iſland, talents raiſe their poſſeſſors to the eminence they merit; and our virtuous Sovereign, the fountain of honour and of dignity, confers nobility on thoſe whoſe genuine worth lays claim to rank and power.

Herbert is a peer—not enobled but diſtinguiſhed by a title; which renders virtue and it's reverſe equally conſpicuous.

Herbert, truly great in his virtues, will dignify nobility, and reflect on his rank as much luſtre as it can give to him. But it is for me to tremble at the aſſumption of a dignity, I may be unequal

to

to ſupport. Gertrude, my friend, my monitreſs, be ſtrictly ſo with me. Now entering on the gay career of buſy life, I give myſelf in charge to thee, miſtruſtful of myſelf.

Herbert, as Lord Albion, gains nothing in my affection, which he entirely poſſeſſed before his elevation. I had already promiſed to become his to-morrow before his honors were preſented to him; and this morning he threw them at my feet in their firſt bloom; declaring he prized them ſolely on my account, as they would enable him to offer me a ſituation more worthy of me than he once dared to hope within his reach. Each day diſcovers ſome new claim to make my heart more truly his. Every day I perceive ſome freſh reaſon to encreaſe my gratitude and admiration. My brother has given me a circumſtantial detail of the engagement in which

his commander's valour ſo eminently diſtinguiſhed itſelf and the ſuperiority of the Britiſh navy.

The wound in Herbert's forehead, although conſiderable, was not dangerous; and, in ſpite of pain, unmindful of his ſufferings, he proceeded calmly in his duty from the commencement to the concluſion of the action. The deſcription of it was terrific: and made me ſhudder;—but the brave commander of the gallant fleet ſtood unappalled and firm, amidſt the tremendous and continued roar of cannon, the general combuſtion of the ſhattered rigging, falling round him with horrible craſhes, while the fiery flaſhes of the whizzing balls ſhot through dark volumes of ſulphureous ſmoak, adding to the ſcene of terror. Unmoved, ſave by pity, which commiſerated with ſighs the groans of the wounded and dying ſeamen, and ſhed

tears

tears of regret into the ſtreams of blood flowing over the ſcene of carnage, the intrepid admiral encouraged the mariners at their poſts; and by his own valour inſpired them with the undaunted ſpirit to conquer or periſh unſubdued.—This daring ſpirit, aſpiring to victory, obtained it over ſuperior numbers, but the moment which decided Herbert the victor ſaw him fall. A wound apparently mortal had ſhattered his left arm. Bathed in his ſtreaming blood and the tears of his ſeamen he was borne almoſt lifeleſs from the deck. Death in icy drops ſeemed to hang ſuſpended for an inſtant on his brow. My brother approached the mournful ſcene to cheer the expiring hero with the news of victory; and exclaimed "the enemy has ſtruck his flag to ours!"

The lingering ſpark of parting animation ſhot from Herbert's cloſing eyes,

whilſt he ejaculated, " Then Heaven be praiſed! My duty is compleated; and commending my ſoul to its Creator, I die in peace. Belfont—brave companion of my dangers; tell her to whom my heart has ever been devoted, my laſt ſighs waft themſelves to her on the wings of fond remembrance." As he concluded this ſentence he fell back into the arms of the ſorrowing mariners; who with my brother hung over his fainting friend, watching a ſuſpenſion of life which ſeemed gone for ever! But Heaven yet lends us a bright example of its nobleſt work in the virtuous Herbert; who uniting daring courage with prudence, tempering intrepid firmneſs with ſoft humanity, and perfecting them by a reverence for religion compleats the ſpirited character of a Britiſh ſailor; whoſe valour and mild beneficence are proverbial; and who carries the Engliſh flag

flag triumphantly to the four quarters of the world; which acknowledges the superiority of our naval power, and the extenſive commerce it obtains and protects.

Although Herbert lives, I wept at the recital of his paſt ſufferings, and even now ſhed tears over the affecting theme. But they muſt not cloud to-morrow's dawn.

This night, my Gertrude, friendſhip has dedicated to thee—the morrow love will devote to Lord Albion.

The clock ſtrikes one.—Adieu!

LETTER XX.

From GERTRUDE to Lady ALBION.

Richterſwyl, Dec. 13.

My deareſt Lady Albion,—my friend,—my beloved Angelica!—By which of theſe appellations ſhall Gertrude's heart addreſs you?

Under each of them you muſt be equally dear to me.

It ſeems an age to my impatience ſince I have had the pleaſure of writing to you.—Taking the moſt lively intereſt in your happineſs, the inability of felicitating you on it has been a ſevere mortification to me; and has added conſiderably

ſiderably to my ſufferings during the indiſpoſition which has been a prevention to my writing.

You, my deareſt friend, were a witneſs of the natural debility of my conſtitution. The pain of ſeparating from you was a ſevere ſhock to it, and a variety of circumſtances has ſince concurred to ſhake my frame; which is affected by my mind as a bark on the ocean is toſſed from wave to wave by the gentleſt guſt of wind. I now begin to feel that an exceſs of ſenſibility is far from deſirable in this unſtable world; where our pleaſures, like flowers, are choaked by innumerable ſurrounding weeds of noiſome quality, and bloom to fade as ſummer roſes.

Yet let me not blaſt yours with my complaints.

My friend, you ſhall partake my joys, and heighten their reliſh to my heart;—

but permit my friendſhip to deny you the participation of my afflictions.—Angelica let me ſuffer alone.

In the midſt of my ſorrows your felicity cheers my ſoul, as ſunbeams ſhining through a ſhower brighten the face of nature.

Joy to you, a thouſand thouſand times on Lord Albion's ſafety, and thoſe juſt rewards which diſtinguiſh the valour that fully merited them.

Let me haſten alſo to congratulate you on the union of your reſpective virtues.—Long—long may they reflect luſtre on the honors due to your united merits.

Arminfeld has requeſted me to join his felicitations to mine on your happineſs; and prays with me for its uninterrupted continuance.

I fear my unuſual delay in writing may have been a ſource of uneaſineſs to you

you even amidſt your pleaſures.—Ah! my friend, in the very bloſſom of our moſt blooming joys, there is ever the canker of ſome ſecret care. Mortal enjoyments are always attended with circumſtances of diminution, which make us feel this world is not the one that ought to engroſs our affections.

But I will conclude my grave and moral lecture; perſuaded that your own mind will, on every occaſion, ſuggeſt the beſt reflections.

My father and mother deſire to be recalled to Lady Albion's remembrance, by the ſincereſt expreſſions of the moſt animated wiſhes for her felicity; which muſt include thoſe for her Lord's welfare and happineſs.

And now, my beloved Lady Albion, farewel! Your elevation to a ſuperior rank and title, as it cannot add to your intrinſic merit, cannot encreaſe my af-

fection, although it may affect the outward forms of perſonal reſpect; which every individual ſhould regard as ſacred, ſince time and public order have almoſt ſanctified nobility. Were it univerſally revered, it would be the beſt ſafeguard to national honour.—Thoſe diſtinguiſhed by its poſſeſſion, and the lower orders, by whom it ought to be regarded as their protection, are equally and reciprocally intereſted in this proper reſpect for rank.

Yet no title can be more impreſſive on the faithful heart of your tenderly affectionate Gertrude than that of her deareſt friend.

LETTER XXI.

From Lady ALBION to GERTRUDE.

Belfont Park, Dec. 24.

MY dear, my amiable Gertrude—while my heart calls on you, it ſinks depreſſed by the dread of your being ill. This apprehenſion deranges all my happineſs. Albion himſelf cannot tranquillize the fears of friendſhip. Whilſt they infect his gaiety with ſadneſs, mine loſes all its ſupport. I muſt endeavour to ſhake off this melancholy from my naturally ſanguine diſpoſition, and cheriſh the hope that my beloved friend is well, although ſhe does not write to me. Yet ſurely Gertrude this unuſual ſilence is

ſufficient to alarm me when I conſider how regular a correſpondent you have ever been.

I think had Gertrude been well, nothing would have prevented her writing the moſt animated congratulations on my union with one of her choiceſt favorites. Surely Albion has not forfeited the eſteem Gertrude ſo laviſhly beſtowed on Herbert. But I will not trifle;—alas! I cannot when I reflect on the length of time elapſed ſince my laſt addreſs to you: and that upwards of two months have paſſed ſince I received a line from you, during which period repeated letters from me muſt have reached you, filled with intelligence of ſuch a nature as to call forth in your warm heart the tendereſt intereſt; and procure for me the moſt lively teſtimonies of it from your ready and eloquent pen.

I have daily wiſhed to enquire of you the meaning of this diſtreſſing ſilence.

Yet

Yet I have not been able to ſummon ſpirits enough to addreſs you.—And courage now fails me to diſpatch this letter.

Surrounded by my family in my amiable brother's manſion, which the gaiety of Chriſtmas enlivens with feſtivity, and bleſſed in the adoration of the moſt amiable of huſbands, nothing is wanting to the completion of my happineſs, except the aſſurance of your health and friendſhip.

December 26.

In the cruelest ſuſpenſe imaginable, I threw aſide my pen the day before yeſterday;—and I now reſume it in a more tranquil ſtate to acknowledge the receipt of a few lines from my amiable Gertrude.

Why,

Why, my deareſt girl, have you written ſo ſhort a letter? But I muſt not chide you for it. I fear I ought rather to feel concerned that you have written at all: ſince it is evident to the eyes of anxious friendſhip, that you are much indiſpoſed, and unuſually depreſſed in ſpirits.

Yes, my friend, I know the delicacy of your conſtitution; and have frequently witneſſed in you the effects of too exquiſite a ſenſibility on a frame as delicate as your mind was ſuſceptible. I have often obſerved with admiration, the energetic expreſſion of your charming countenance, varying to every acute ſenſation of your ſoul; and have felt the tears ruſh to my eyes while yours ſhed drops of tender ſympathy at the tale of others woes.

Let me hope that if you now grieve it is not for yourſelf.

Ah!

Ah! my beloved friend, you muſt not conceal from me any thing which gives you pain. My affections are warm, and jealous of their rights; and my heart is equally open to your ſorrows as to your pleaſures. Share them all with me, as I have done with you.

Friendſhip muſt have no reſerves.—

If any could have been allowable, it would have been in my caſe; where, from the exquiſite ſenſibility of your ſoul, and the extreme delicacy of your health, a knowledge of my unhappineſs muſt have been a ſource of infinite ſuffering to you.

My heart is almoſt broken at the idea of your having endured ſo much on my account. Ah! Gertrude, if your late ſorrows from ſympathy with me have been the cauſe of your preſent indiſpoſition, I ſhall never forgive myſelf.

Surely

Surely Arminfeld muſt lament my introduction to your friendſhip. But I truſt that henceforth you will ſympathize with me more frequently in joy than in ſadneſs.

At preſent I owe you an account of myſelf for nearly two months; and under a perſuaſion that you are anxious to hear it, and will receive pleaſure and amuſement from it, I ſhall willingly reſume the narrative of my hiſtory for your peruſal, my amiable friend.

On the fourth of November, I exchanged with Albion at the ſacred altar irrevocable vows of love and fidelity.—I pronounced them with ſincerity and fervour. My heart had forgotten the wanderings of fancy before it had been deeply impreſſed with Albion's image. Devoted ſolely to it now, inconſtancy can never wrong his merits.

Convince

Convinced of this, I gave myſelf up to ſenſations of delight, chaſtened into ſerioufneſs by the ſolemnity of the marriage ceremony.

Albion, firm and collected on all occaſions, was perfectly ſo on this awful one; where thoughtleſſneſs alone can lightly aſſume the momentous and innumerable duties of the wedded ſtate.

I never was fit to take them on me until now that the giddineſs of childhood has yielded to maturer reflection.

To your example and ſociety I am indebted for this improvement.

Several years older than yourſelf, I was aſhamed of my frivolities; and endeavoured to correct them. From you I learned to think with propriety.—In your company I firſt began to feel the charms of ſerious reading. Gertrude, you are my preceptreſs in all I know or ever ſhall acquire from future ſtudy.

Life,

Life, devoid of reflection and rational employment, is a burthenſome and uſeleſs exiſtence. Never ſhall I recollect, without gratitude to you, the improvement of my intellectual faculties, whilſt I was ſo happy as to be with you.—How truly delightful were thoſe days when we uſed to read together, and converſe on the ſubject of our lectures. The charm of exiſtence, then newly experienced by me, ſpread itſelf over every ſurrounding object.—The ſhades ſeemed freſher, the flowers more blooming, and the ſun brighter than I had ever beheld before.

I have told Albion how much he is indebted to you for my improvement and preſent rationality; and he is ready to acknowledge his obligations to you. Would to heaven he could do it perſonally! But, alas! this is a ſorrowful theme—and I will leave it.

My

My amiable Lord has a taſte for reading and retirement; and enjoys with me the repoſe of our preſent reſidence; where we arrived the day of our union, and are to remain ſome weeks longer.

I ſhall regret our departure from this ſequeſtered and rational ſcene, for one in all reſpects diametrically oppoſed to it. But Albion's rank and ſituation muſt unavoidably draw him into public life; and, however he may love domeſtic enjoyments and ſecluſion, he will never indulge in it for any ſelfiſh gratification, when his duties to ſociety call him into it. I begin to anticipate already that the advantages of an elevated ſtation are counterbalanced by numberleſs reſtraints and obligations unknown to thoſe in the ſphere of private life. In proportion as a man attains fortune, rank, and power, he becomes

comes indebted to the public; and almoſt its ſlave.

I rejoice to inform you, Albion is quite reſtored to health; his wounds are perfectly healed; and his appearance is abſolutely charming.

The ſcar over his eyebrow is large, and very evident; but inſtead of thinking it a blemiſh, I conſider it an ornament. Were it not for his convenience, I ſhould lament that his arm is liberated from a ſling; for it really was elegant, and admirably graceful. But I am led away by my natural gaiety, to run on upon a ſubject extremely pleaſing to me.—To ſpeak of Albion muſt ever be ſo; yet even in the enjoyment of his ſociety, I ſigh at the frequent recollection of your delicate health and preſent dejection. If you really regard me, you will be too tender of my happineſs to conceal from me the reaſon of your uneaſineſs.

I long

I long eagerly to hear from you, my dear Gertrude;—yet know not how to aſk you to gratify my deſires at the expence of your health.—Writing muſt be injurious to it;—then do not write. Let me hope your amendment; and receive conſolation from an old Engliſh proverb, (which, perhaps, you may not know, as you are only acquainted with the elegancies of our language), "*that no news is good news.*"

Adieu.——

You muſt not fail to preſent Lord Albion's beſt acknowledgments united with mine, to Dr. Weſſerman and your amiable mother, for their kind felicitations on my marriage; which Albion and I receive with gratitude. And to Arminfeld alſo I requeſt you will preſent all due compliments in our name.

From the recollection of your brother's polite courteſies, I am much ſurpriſed,

priſed, and a little piqued at the omiſſion of his congratulations;—and ſhould certainly quarrel with him, were it not for his near relationſhip to you.

Once more adieu, my beloved Gertrude.—Pr'ythee continue to call me Angelica. That is a name I ſtill retain, though I have exchanged Belfont for Albion.—And as to title, what can be dearer to my heart, what can diſtinguiſh me more eminently than that of Gertrude's moſt faithful and ſincerely affectionate friend?

LETTER XXII.

From GERTRUDE to Lady ALBION.

Richeterſwyl, Jan. 16.

THE arrival of your letter this morning, my charming and beloved friend, has cheered my drooping ſpirits; and enables me to rouſe myſelf from the mental and corporeal inactivity which abridged my laſt letter to you, and has of late prevented my addreſſing you as frequently as uſual.

This languor, partly originating from uneaſineſs of mind, and partly induced by indiſpoſition, encreaſes from indulgence; and I feel the duty of reſolving

ing to ſhake it off by exertions, which may, perhaps, hereafter, become even more neceſſary than they are at preſent.

Alas! my friend, why compel me to poiſon your pleaſures by my ſorrows and complaints?

My heart is unable to reſiſt the ſolicitations of yours.—You deſire to know the reaſon of my dejection; and this would be a ſufficient cauſe for my diſcovering it, even if I were ſo immerſed in grief as to be almoſt inſenſible to the tender ſympathies of friendſhip; which, however, at preſent, will be a ſalutary balm to my ſorrowful heart. My dear, my amiable Angelica, I haſten to repoſe my cares and my anxieties in your faithful boſom; and to receive from you the tender conſolations of which I greatly feel the neceſſity.

This

This winter has been cheerleſs indeed!

My father's conſtitutional melancholy encreaſes daily in proportion as my beloved mother's health declines.—My poor, my amiable brother alſo is in a moſt alarmingly languiſhing ſtate, and Arminfeld is abſent at the univerſity. All theſe circumſtances combined have depreſſed my ſpirits to the loweſt ebb; and my weak frame ſeems almoſt ſinking under this accumulation of unhappineſs. Yet I feel the neceſſity of ſupporting myſelf to perform thoſe filial and ſiſterly duties of which my heart muſt ever acknowledge the claims whilſt it is alive to ſenſation.

To ſooth my father's ſpirits with the ſoft harmony of my harp, to ſmooth the hard bed of ſickneſs for my angelic mother, and to watch over my poor brother's diſturbed ſlumbers is my daily oc-

cupation; and ſweet the taſk, if it procure eaſe for objects ſo intereſting to my feelings. To behold my father's brow unbend to ſmiles of complacency, to call forth the bluſh of pleaſure on the pallid cheek of my mother, and to obſerve a ſhort remiſſion of my brother's ſighs, repays, and overpays, long anxious watchings and its attendant fatigues.

In the midſt of all my domeſtic griefs, my correſpondence with you and Arminfeld, which aſſures me of his health and your happineſs, ſooths my ſoul with moments of repoſe; and whilſt I liſten to the wintry ſtorm, howling round our deſolated habitation, I receive conſolation in pouring into the faithful boſoms of my abſent lover, and my deareſt friend, the tender effuſions of inviolable love and friendſhip.

LETTER XXIII.

From Lady ALBION to GERTRUDE.

St. James's Square, Feb. 6.

As I was ſitting in my dreſſing-room this morning, peruſing ſome of your delightful letters, my woman brought me another, which, from its appearance I inſtantly knew muſt come from you. My heart leaped with gladneſs as I received it, yet I trembled as I broke the ſeal, fearful of hearing you was ſtill indiſpoſed. But how ſhall I find expreſſions ſufficiently ſtrong to deſcribe my ſorrow on finding ſo heavy a portion of it fallen to your lot?

Ah! my friend, my beloved Gertrude, how will your exquiſite ſenſibility, and fragile frame ſupport ſuch an accumulated weight of uneaſineſs as at preſent oppreſſes you?

My heart ſinks within me at the idea of your ſufferings. Albion, with tender aſſiduity, endeavours to conſole me. His preſence has every power over me, but that of baniſhing the recollection of your grief.

If Arminfeld were with you, I ſhould be leſs uneaſy reſpecting you. Fancy pictures your intereſting figure ſitting ſad and ſolitary in a lonely apartment, or bending ſilently over the bed of ſickneſs, watching anxiouſly every motion and reſpiration of beings infinitely dear to you; and whoſe every look alarms your exquiſitely feeling ſoul, devoted to each moral and religious duty.

Gertrude,

Gertrude, let me beſeech you to be careful of yourſelf—conſider the extreme delicacy of your conſtitution, and the number of beings whoſe chief happineſs is centered in your exiſtence.

Would I were near you to eaſe your fatigues, tranquilize your apprehenſions, and ſhare thoſe cares I could not leſſen! But it is beſt to bound our wiſhes to our abilities, which is the only way to render them effectual of their end. And ſince I cannot cheer you with my preſence, let me, even in abſence, perform thoſe offices friendſhip has within its power. Let me adminiſter all the conſolation circumſtances will permit; and, by my letters, prove my earneſt wiſhes to amuſe you, by inſpiring my pen with ſubjects that may, for a moment, divert you from your ſorrow; which, like the worm in the roſe-bud, preys on your damaſk cheek.

Permit me then, my ſweet friend, to leave the mournful theme of your domeſtic affairs for a narrative of mine, which, I am certain, will be intereſting to your friendſhip.

My date will inform you I am no longer an inhabitant of my mother's houſe. This in which I now reſide was prepared for my reception by Albion; and diſplays in its elegant arrangement and decorations, his munificence, the chaſte propriety of his taſte, and his wiſh of making every thing conduce to my happineſs.

Here we muſt ſpend the winters, devoted to the world, fettered by the conſtraints of faſhion; and exiſt chiefly for the amuſement of its numerous votaries.

In ſummer we may be permitted to live for ourſelves. We purpoſe, during that ſeaſon, to retire from the gaieties of

of the buſy metropolis to ſcenes of rural tranquillity, where Albion and I ſhall really enjoy ourſelves in each other's ſociety. To do this in London is almoſt impoſſible, from the mode of life which faſhion impoſes on elevated ſituations.

Late hours at night preclude the poſſibility of early riſing. To be late is to be faſhionable. To go to bed late, to riſe late, to breakfaſt late, to dine late, and to viſit late, is to be "*quite the thing*," or in good Engliſh, which you may underſtand better than the firſt phraſe, to be in the faſhion.

Our mornings are waſted in neceſſary repoſe, to recruit us after nightly fatigues. Our forenoons are devoted to numberleſs viſits, paid reciprocally by dropping our names at each other's doors, a round of ſhopping to order one's own dreſs, or that of a young

female friend, who courts your acquaintance for the convenience of your carriage; and compliments your taſte, in the choice of her evening's dreſs, in expectation of being introduced into public by a perſon of rank; from whoſe conſequence ſhe hopes to derive a great deal.

Our late dinners ſeem like the ſupper of a rational and well-regulated family, at whoſe hour of reſt we ſally forth to diſſipated circles, aſſembled at an unmeaning rout, where we behold a crowd of characters in mental as well as perſonal maſquerade.

As you are not an Engliſh-woman, you may wiſh to have an explanation of the word *rout* in its *figurative* ſenſe, if I may be allowed the expreſſion.

The real ſignification of *rout* you know is *hurry*, *buſtle*, *noiſe*, *tumult*, *uproar*, or *a ſearch after ſomething*; alſo, a *mob*,

a *mob*, *riot*, or *public diſturbance*. Theſe explications of the term may with ſtrict propriety be equally applied as a true deſcription of this modern entertainment, peculiar to our nation.

The invitation to it is made without trouble. On a viſiting ticket, under the ſuperſcription of the lady's name, ſhe deſires her waiting-woman, or if ſhe cannot write, commands her to order the valet or the footman to write down theſe few words, "*At home on Monday evening the 25th of April*," or any other day ſhe may happen to be diſengaged; which ſhe ſees from her long liſt of invitations for a month to come.

Simple and careleſs enough this manner of aſking.—

You muſt know that all polite forms are *quite out*; that is to ſay, they are

aukward, diſcover extreme ignorance of high life, and are unfaſhionable.

The modern modes are freed from all the vulgar ſhackles of ceremony and what was once termed propriety.—Its preſent acceptation is totally different from what it was originally. We Engliſh muſt have a new dictionary, amongſt other novel improvements, in which a number of words muſt be tranſpoſed to give their preſent meaning, and ſome terms muſt be entirely expunged, as uſeleſs, ſince the things and ideas, of which their reſpective terms ſtood as figures, are quite laid aſide.

But I muſt return from this digreſſion to my *rout*.

It is an aſſemblage of people of almoſt every deſcription, and nearly all claſſes, huddled together promiſcuouſly, without order; which is another thing abſolutely

lutely out of date.—Near a cold door, which ſtands open all the evening for the ingreſs and egreſs of the numerous viſitors, and the admiſſion of the keen wintry wind, there ſtands a Counteſs. Next to her ladyſhip ſtands the proud lady of a city knight; who was once a a grocer, and it is ſaid he married a waiting-woman—but that's no matter: people in this kingdom neither regard profeſſion nor anceſtry. Sir John Plumb is wealthy; that entitles him to come into the *beſt company*—and his lady's jewels make a ſplendid figure in it. My lady is indeed very brilliant to night. Next to her a reſpectable matron and two beautiful daughters ſtand quite unheeded by the company. They were aſked by the lady of the houſe becauſe ſhe could not well avoid it; but ſhe does not pay any attention to her old friend or the charming girls her daughters. They are

handſome, it muſt be confeſſed; but too modeſtly diffident to make any effect in public: their dreſs is becoming enough to be ſure; but it was not made at the moſt faſhionable milliners: In fact they could not afford it without running up a long bill, which like many others muſt have remained unpaid; they have loſt their father, who was in the road to fortune, and was the benefactor of the maſter of the houſe; where they now are received as a prodigious favor, although they are in all points (fortune excepted) ſuperior to its owners. In fine, the genteel matron and her lovely daughters have been in better circumſtances—they are not rich—who will wonder they ſtand unnoticed! Next to thoſe charming girls, there ſits a young female, round whom all the men flock.—Yes—ſhe has a fortune of fifty thouſand pounds. Her father made

treble

treble that ſum during the laſt war. He was a Scotchman, without a ſixpence; but was fortunate enough to be related to the then miniſter in the hundredth degree of conſanguinity, and therefore had the good luck to be appointed commiſſary to the troops.

Here ſtands a woman of family, dreſſed very plain. There a woman of no family, dreſſed very expenſively.—But who is that giving herſelf innumerable airs?—Nobody—I mean ſhe is only the wife of an apothecary, whom every one employs in his own proper capacity, and as ſurgeon and phyſician alſo, becauſe he is the faſhion.—He muſt be a man of uncommon abilities?—That does not follow as a natural conſequence in this country, although it will be a juſt concluſion to draw every where but in England.

Here are a number of ladies indeed! But there are very few *gentlemen* to be ſeen

ſeen—Pray where are they?—God knows.—

There is one who ſeems to be man of great conſequence by his deportment: and he is in cloſe conference with the Counteſs; of whom he appears to be a favored admirer.—He is a nobleman certainly. Perhaps he may become one—at preſent he is only a banker.—There is a perſon however whom one cannot poſſibly miſtake: he muſt be ſome very common perſonage from his appearance as he wears a coachman's wig unpowdered—That is a man of quality! It is the Duke of . . . We muſt whiſper his graces title out of reſpect for a noble peer of the realm.

All this is ſtrange!

Nothing can be ſo in London.

In every corner of the room we behold a profuſion of gloſſy ringlets falling in ſtudied careleſſneſs over grey heirs

and

and wrinkled fronts.—The diamond's blaze attracting admiration where the beamleſs eye could never catch a ſingle glance from the fortune-hunter; whoſe hacknied adulation pays incenſe to the ſhrine of wealth with mercenary and fulſome compliments. All around we ſee the glare of rouge on pallid cheeks, emulating in vain the glow of health and bloom of youthful modeſty, on faces which have long ſince ceaſed to bluſh either with youth or baſhfulneſs.

Such are our modern belles!

Our beaux, if ſuch they can be called, even more unnatural and diſguiſed, affect a thouſand fopperies both in dreſs and manners, equally aſſumed for the occaſion of public diſplay.

And now pray who is that running about the room ſo buſily like a bar-maid, or the hoſteſs of an inn? She is the miſtreſs of the houſe—ſhe can't ſay more than

than a few hurried words to each of her gueſts. This, however, is not diſtreſſing to either of the parties; for it is a thouſand to one if they could muſter three rational ſentences to ſay to each other. One half of the company are almoſt ſtrangers to her; for the other half ſhe cares not a farthing, nor do they care more for their entertainer. I am wrong however in beſtowing this epithet on the lady of the houſe, to whom it cannot apply in *any* ſenſe. She has opened her apartments to receive company; but it is entertained at the footman's expence, or rather its own expence; for the viſitor's card-money goes to defray the coſt of the cards, and perhaps the wax-lights and cakes, *et cetera*, come from the ſame fund through the medium of the miſtreſs's purſe, or, more commonly, out of the attendant's pocket; into which he

amaſſes, when the company have retired, the rich gleanings of each card-table: where the cards are doubly and trebly paid by every ſet of players who have *cut-in* throughout the evening.

As my beloved Gertrude is a ſtranger to London, ſhe will not I hope diſlike to have a diſquiſition on our card-players, as they form ſo very conſiderable a portion of the inhabitants of this immenſe metropolis. They may be divided, and ſubdivided into innumerable claſſes, each of which would admit of a deſcription we might both find dull and tedious. I ſhall therefore confine myſelf to a brief account of the card-playing tribe in general, and a ſhort ſketch of the ſeveral orders as they exiſt among us at this period.

I ſhall conſider them under the ſeveral diſtinctive appellations of

Card-

Card-players by profeſſion.
Profeſſed card-players.
Deep card-players.
Common card-players.
High card-players.
Moderate card-players.
Keen card-players.
Indifferent card-players.
Indolent card-players.
Faſhionable card-players.
Accommodating card-players.
Ill natured card-players.
Polite card-players.

Card-players by profeſſion are gamblers, who make cards a trade. To night they are ideally worth a hundred thouſand pounds—to-morrow that ſum is ſtaked on a card, it is loſt, and they are really ruined.

Profeſſed card-players differ from the above in ſeveral particulars. The firſt claſs is entirely compoſed of men—the

ſecond

ſecond claſs conſiſts of women chiefly. The firſt make cards their trade—the ſecond make them a buſineſs or occupation.—The firſt live by cards—the ſecond for cards.

Deep card-players make a point of looking grave, and ſitting out a rubber, without uttering a ſingle ſyllable, unleſs it relate to ſome point reſpecting the game; it abſorbs them either really or apparently: ſome affect this rank who have no pretenſions to it; and, equally with the ſcientific player, terrify and diſcompoſe the common card-player, to the total diſcomfiture of all recollection or judgment. Then the poor common card-player is obliged to make a hundred conceſſions—to acknowledge himſelf what he really is, a very indifferent player; and concludes frequently by loſing his money as well as credit, while his partner the deep player comes off,

even

even after a loſs triumphant, as a very great player.

High card-players are thoſe who play for great ſtakes. It is not neceſſary they ſhould be rich—perhaps they ſeldom are; and if they were wealthy they may ſoon become poor.

Moderate card-players are generally of an intire different deſcription in all reſpects.

High and moderate are ſubject to no ſtandard—they are terms which vary perpetually; as far, however, as they relate to play in this country, or rather this town, they may be aſcertained. A high card-player may play for any thing, or every thing; a moderate card-player can ſcarcely ever ſtake leſs than guinea points.

Keen card-players ſit down with avidity; and play for gain, as they ſuppoſe, but the love of cards is the real motive for

for their anxiety to get to a card party; where they are tied to a card-table equally to their own delight and the ſatisfaction of the lady of the houſe who wiſhes to make up her tables.

Indifferent card-players are entirely of an oppoſite deſcription from the laſt claſs. The indifferent card-player ſits down to cards from a variety of motives, —to diſplay a diamond ring, pearl bracelets, a white hand, or a fine turned arm; theſe inducements all combined, or ſeparately, are ſufficient to overcome even a diſlike to cards.

The indolent player goes to a card-table ro prevent thought, to avoid buſineſs, and trifle time away.

The faſhionable card-player plays becauſe it is the faſhion, and becauſe every body plays.

The accommodating card-player ſits down to make up a ſet, and becauſe nobody

body elſe will be equally obliging. They are ſeldom called upon however; and are meer lumber at routs.

Ill natured card-players ſcold and look amazingly croſs. This claſs are pretty numerous, conſiſting of old widows, old batchelors, and old maids.

The polite card-players are complaiſant even to blunderers, ſmile, and ſay, the civileſt things imaginable. They are rather rare; and are in general young fops who wiſh to be admired by all, and the women in particular.

In ſuch aſſemblies as I have juſt deſcribed, cards, uſurp the place of converſation; from which all rationality is baniſhed. Here a crowd, who cannot get even the accommodation of a temporary ſeat, ſqueeze paſt each other in dull rotation from room to room; and, having compleated the ſcrutinizing ſtare over each

each other's dreſs and perſon, repair to a ſucceſſion of ſimilar ſcenes till ſome favorite air at the end of the opera or the ballet calls them to the theatre, where the buz and buſtle of the coffee-room concludes the pleaſures and amuſements of the night.

This is the routine I am too often compelled to follow: while my mind flies from the ſcene to others more intereſting to my heart; where the recollection of my friend Gertrude's manners, ſenſe, and faſcinating converſation forms a ſtriking contraſt to the preſent follies.

Sometimes a ſlight indiſpoſition opportunely occurs, on which veracity frames a polite excuſe from ſome long impending engagement. How my heart flutters with joy, when, from the ſecluſion of my dreſſing-room, I can exclude all trifling viſitors; and with a book

book beguile the hours till the moment of aſſignation arrives to bring the preſence of him to whom my every thought is devoted. True to the moment of appointment, he flies on the rapid wings of impatience, to enquire the ſtate of my health; and while he fondly hangs over my ſopha, laments how little he can enjoy of my loved ſociety, freed from the conſtant conſtraints of company. Here delivered from its controul, he ſpeaks the impaſſioned language of love, while he compoſes the flowing drapery of my looſe attire, and toys with the ringlets of my hair; of which perhaps he raviſhes a lock in gallantry, to place in abſence near his heart; while its tenderneſs expreſſes in his eyes a lover's adoration. Albion in aſſuming the title of huſband ſtill retains that of a lover.

Thus paſs ſome hours in the ſociety of Albion, treaſured in memory; the reſt

reſt are diſſipated from remembrance with the recollection of the inſignificant beings in whoſe company they were loſt.

When I conſider the time ſpent in preparations for diſſipation, and that paſſed in it, I ſtartle at the ſcanty portion I can truly call my own, to devote to any rational purpoſe.—Ah! my dearest friend, how I ſigh for the ſummer and its leiſure moments. Amongſt the goods it will bring, I truſt I may reckon the bleſſing of reſtored health to you and yours, in the general renovation of nature. How earneſtly I deſire this, and every attendant felicity for you, your energetic mind may conceive; and to its explication I leave the ſentiments of mine, which language would in vain attempt to deſcribe.

LETTER XXIV.

From GERTRUDE to Lady ALBION.

Richterſwyl, Feb. 20.

DEAREST and moſt amiable of friends! How ſoothing to my melancholy are your charming letters! In their gaiety, I again recognize the ſprightly Angelica; more engaging, if poſſible in the character of a matron than in that of her maiden innocence.

The rays of your happineſs pierce with revivifying influence through the louring clouds of my affliction—whilſt I regard their threatening aſpect I tremble at the gathering ſtorm, which may yet burſt over my devoted head; but I ſtrive

ſtrive to fortify my weakneſs to bear the tempeſt's fury, if the will of Heaven ſhould let it fall on me.—Why ſhould I alone be exempted from the misfortunes common to humanity? If it be the will of Providence my trials ſhould lead me through that uneven path of life, whoſe rugged ſteps are planted with tangling briars inſtead of blooming flowrets, let me advance firmly through ſufferings to the goal where mortal ſorrows terminate in immortal joys; and while I paſs the vale of tears, let me dry them with the idea that the road to endleſs happineſs through pain, is far more ſure and ſafe than that which leads through pleaſure's maze, where the intoxicated ſenſes, loſt in ſweets, may loiter heedleſsly and miſs the way to Heaven.

My father's melancholy encreaſes rapidly, ſince my beloved mother's indiſpoſition prevents her enlivening the

houſe with her ſmiles and the ſweet ſounds of her voice. Now confined to her own apartments the reſt ſeem deſolate; and my father almoſt continually ſecludes himſelf in the receſſes of his ſtudy. My poor brother's confinement alſo encreaſes the gloom which reigns uncheered in our houſe. As my domeſtic duties lead me through it, each room reminds me of ſome loſt happineſs.

My dreſſing-cloſet, once enlivened by your preſence, ſeems forlorn.—From its window I behold our deſolated garden buried in ſnow; where, on the once fragrant ſhrubs, the froſt gliſtens as the naked branches tremble to the wintry blaſt.—On every roſe buſh the gelid iſicles bend its tender ſtalks to the ground; once adorned with bluſhing flowers. Our arbours are ſtripped of their umbrageous foliage, and the ſurrounding dreary proſpect is as comfortleſs

leſs as my heart. As it heaves a ſigh, I turn from the bleak view without to one almoſt as cheerleſs within.

As my penſive ſteps, echoing through our lonely ſaloon, diſturb the ſilence which reigns within its walls, I think of times when they uſed to reſound the cheerful voices of my once gay and happy brother, my abſent friend, and Arminfeld; the two latter both far diſtant, the ſolitary Gertrude daily mourns her ſeparation from them and her domeſtic afflictions.

My meals, unenlivened by ſocial converſe, loſe their reliſh to my appetite. —And my father's old domeſtic Arnold paſſes his hand acroſs his eyes to ſee me eat ſo ſparingly; and ſighing, uncovers the table at my command; while to the fond remembrance of abſent friends, I drop a tear to each into the cup with which I have ſo often pledged them with the wiſh of health to all.

Perhaps it may return—perhaps!

But I muſt not give way to ſorrow.

The taper glimmers through my tears, as my mind ruſhes forward to meet the approach of times yet diſtant.

Why does my heart heave heavily as I think of days to come?

Why does the ſtream of ſorrow flow in torrents from my eyes, and inundate the traces of my pen which marks with tremulous ſtrokes the feelings of my ſoul?

Does my hand tremble at the dire preſentiment of future woes?

Superſtition is allied to weakneſs.—

I will combat both; and with the arms of faith and hope, vanquiſh theſe enemies of virtue and religion.

Supported by them, I feel my feeble faculties aſſume a power ſuperior to my own.

Angelica—weep not for me.

I dry

I dry my tears and ſmile ſerenely. Let your friendſhip then reflect the ſmile: and with your natural gaiety enjoy the felicity of your ſituation; which by participation almoſt becomes my own.

My friend—farewel!

LETTER XXV.

From Lady ALBION to GERTRUDE.

St. James's Square, March 16.

FROM noiſy buſtle and unmeaning gaiety I retire at a late hour to commune with my ſweet friend Gertrude.

Ah! how ſuperior to all with whom I now aſſociate, my own connections alone excepted.

The ſeaſon of folly is now drawing to a concluſion; and immediately after the birth-day we purpoſe to leave town.

Albion ſighs for the joyful moment which will liberate us from the diſſipation of the metropolis, and deliver us to our own ſociety, and that of each other.

other. Our moments are at preſent the property of a thouſand idlers; who ſeek our company to ovoid their own.

Our porter has full employment in anſwering the door; hourly beſet with the thundering raps of innumerable equipages—a hundred notes of inſipid compliments—a million cards of engagements to kill time; and this is called living to pleaſure!

At this ſubverſion of ſenſe one can ſcarcely be aſtoniſhed, however; for I know not how one could expect intelligence or even rationality in the ideas or actions of thoſe who have ſubmitted both, as the inhabitants of this metropolis have done, to the dominion of faſhion; which is perfectly worſhipped in this kingdom.

The Engliſh are at preſent groſs idolators: and their idol is faſhion. It muſt be allowed by every one to be as

whimſical a divinity as any of the deites of the old heathen mythology; which perſonified under numerous gods and goddeſſes all the virtues and vices; and aſſigned to each a tutelary divinity, diſtinguiſhed by innumerable appellations.

Faſhion, that fantaſtical deity of this nation, is in many reſpects ſimilar to the gods of the ancients, as I ſhall now endeavour to convince you, my beloved Gertrude; who, far removed from the follies of this metropolis, may be ignorant, and almoſt incredulous of many of them.

As the deities of the heathen world, had numberleſs names and epithets ſo has our divinity *faſhion*. This is its moſt accepted appellation among all the claſſes of its worſhippers. The higher ranks of them however frequently nominate it *ton*. Sometimes it is called *mode*, and ſometimes *ſtyle*. To theſe may alſo be added the appellation of *thing*, *kick*, *rage*,

rage, comme il faut—and perhaps ſome others, moſtly confined to the uſe of the lower orders of our citizens.

As the names of the heathen deities are generally explanatory of their characteriſtics, ſo are the appellations of our divinity.

The name Faſhion comes from its power of modelling all people, and every thing.

Ton comes from a French word ſignifying tone, or ſway; which denotes that faſhion gives the tone, or leads, and that its ſway is unbounded.

Mode means that its ways and manners are by pre-eminence termed *the mode*, no other but its own being allowable.

Style ſignifies that its ſtyle is that of pre-eminence alſo; and that no other is proper, or worth obſervation or attention.

The appellation of *Thing* means that every other thing ought to give place to faſhion, as the only thing worthy regard or conſideration.

As for the term *Kick* I am ignorant of its meaning, if it really have any. Perhaps it may be derived from the verb to kick; and may very probably mean that faſhion has a right to kick down all rule or reſtraint; as it generally takes the licence of doing.

The denomination *Rage* is extremely applicable to faſhion; as it certainly is a ſpecies of mania; and of the moſt dangerous, violent, and incurable kind.

The compound appellation of *Comme il faut* is of foreign derivation; and has obtained here as a very proper name for faſhion, ſince its votaries fancy it to comprehend excluſively every thing right and proper.

Having

Having now given the ſeveral names of faſhion, and their allegorical ſignifications, I ſhall continue to follow the manner of the mythologiſts, and proceed to give the fabulous account of the origin of faſhion.

It is the reputed offſpring of the infernal deity Folly, and a terreſtrial nymph called Prejudice, of whom Folly was greatly enamoured.

France was the birth-place of Faſhion, where it was nurtured and attained maturity; and was at length deified. After its apotheoſis its worſhip ſpread over Europe; and temples and altars were in every country of that quarter of the globe erected and dedicated to the new idol.

The adoration of faſhion obtained no where more enthuſiaſtic followers than in this kingdom: where its feſtivals are commemorated with the profoundeſt veneration;

veneration; and annual offerings at its ſhrines are regularly made, with every demonſtration of the moſt reſpectful worſhip.

The ſacrifices to this deity conſiſt of every thing which can be dear to humanity and ſacred to piety. On its altars are daily immolated rich ſacrifices of *time*, *fortune*, *ſentiment*, *honor*, *ſenſe*, and *morality*.

Nothing is conſidered too precious to be offered at its ſhrine, where even human victims fall adorned for ſacrifice with flowery chaplets.

The worſhip of the heathen deities conſiſted ſometimes in obſcene myſteries, and nightly orgies.

Faſhion has theſe alſo;—and its votaries regularly attend their ſolemnization.

Nothing is required of thoſe, who wiſh to be initiated into them, except a blind

blind devotion to faſhion, and a fortune equal to the expenſes attendant on her worſhip. With theſe qualifications every rank of citizens may be admitted almoſt indiſcriminately.

This perhaps may be a reaſon why here the ſeveral claſſes of ſociety are not kept ſufficiently diſtinct to render the inhabitants either wiſe or contented.

The loweſt may aſcend the ladder of fortune, and by that means gain admiſſion into the higheſt rank. The nobility in a great meaſure conduce to their own degradation. The deſcendant of an ancient title makes a diſproportioned alliance with a wealthy tradeſman's heireſs. The young nobleman proſtitutes his dignity for an increaſe of fortune, as much as the city fair one does her perſon for elevation. Born in an humble ſphere ſhe is unfit to fill a higher;

and

and engrafts plebeian vices and abſurdities upon the foibles and follies of higher ſtations.

Bred at a boarding ſchool, however, ſhe imagines herſelf perfectly qualified to ſhine in high life, becauſe ſhe can chatter a few ſentences of bad French, with a vicious pronunciation, without underſtanding the grammatical conſtruction of any language; has embroidered a few pieces, which will be her laſt performances; is poſſeſſed of a few drawings, executed moſtly by her maſter, which ſhe calls her own; can dance, and run over the keys of her inſtrument with facility, and produce a *great* effect from a number of notes tied together by ſome modern compoſer, in harſh harmony, and devoid of natural melody.

The lady can ſing alſo.—The firſt fingers at the opera attend her in ſucceſſion for

for a dozen leſſons annually, to teach her by rote the airs of the ſeaſon. And from a hundred different maſters the *dilettante* has learned imperfectly as many various ſtiles of ſinging, and all the modern tricks to conceal defective powers, and ignorance of the vocal ſcience.

Thus *unqualified* ſhe performs at private concerts, where, unſhackled by the dull ſtupid rules of time, ſhe flies off into innumerable flouriſhes; and, by her own laws, converting every note into an *adlibitum*, ſhe ſo puzzles the poor profeſſional accompaniers that they know not where to follow her flights—they are compelled to play at random; and, in order to keep pace with the lady, are obliged to run minums into quavers, and lengthen ſemiquavers into crotchets.—The piece, however, concludes with general applauſe.

That

That of the muſicians is purchaſed with gold, and that of the company is inſured by faſhion.

"Don't ſhe ſing charmingly?" demands an old opera ſubſcriber.

"O! divinely!" anſwers an envious female; who devoid of all muſical taſte, ſecretly depreciates the ſinger from jealouſy, without having diſcovered her defects.

In ſpite of theſe, however, the plaudits run round the circle of *cognoſcenti* and *amateurs*; each of whom becomes the other's echo, fearful of deviating from the faſhion.

Such is our muſic and ſuch our muſicians.

Our dancing is equally degenerated. —Graceful movements, and a dignified air have given place to a ſucceſſion of various ſtiles. It was the faſhion not very long ago to ſaunter through the dances

dances with a liſtleſs air. A more ſpirited mode of dancing ſucceeded, and, at different periods, our gentry have aimed at the imitation of tipſy ſailors, clowniſh ruſtics, and latterly the highland manner has prevailed.

Some time ſince it was the faſhion to write illegibly.—Every one, who pretended to gentility, proved it by adopting a miſerable ſcrawl which might have diſgraced the moſt uninſtructed houſemaid; and now that it is become faſhionable to write a good hand, ſome of the moſt modiſh perſons muſt be dreadfully diſtreſſed by a habit of ſcrawling more eaſily contracted than laid aſide.

Not only our dreſs changes to the prevailing taſte, but our very perſons become ſubject to it: our figures ſeem to vary at command to large and ſlim, ſhort or long waiſted; and the fair one who ſome years ago gloried in flaxen

hair,

hair, becauſe it was the faſhion, now conceals it under jetty ringlets, becauſe they are the mode.

I have given the rein to my pen in order to amuſe you, my ſweet friend; but, perhaps, I have rather wearied you with a detail of ſome of our numberleſs abſurdities; and I rather fear this may be the caſe from the recollection of your gentleneſs and moderation. Severe to yourſelf, you are mild to all beſides; and are more inclined to pity than laugh at human folly. Situated as you are, you may indulge your natural propenſity of believing the world wiſer and better than it really is; but this illuſion ſoon vaniſhes when we live in buſy ſcenes, and have ſo many opportunities of ſeeing the various and ſtriking characters of real life.

Were it not for my turn to a little ſatire, I ſhould be devoid of all amuſe-

ment.

ment in my preſent circle of ſociety; where I daily behold ſo much more to laugh at than commend.

In the courſe of my correſpondence I will introduce to you a few of the perſonages, with whom I am obliged to aſſociate, as living examples of my abſtract ſketches.

My letters muſt ſurely make you bleſs your ſecluſion from the world.—In your ſweet retreat Arminfeld, the compendium of all perfection, will be all the world to you.—And you, equally admirable as he is, will to him be a univerſe.

Would I could thus live retired with the amiable and charming Albion! But no—rather let us live in ſociety, which wants good examples, and become patterns to it.

Every ſituation has its reſpective pleaſures and advantages; and we are never

ſo

conſtant and only reſources againſt wearifomeneſs and melancholy; and in her loved ſociety, the elegance of her manners, the amiable mildneſs and ſerenity of her temper, and the winning ſoftneſs of her voice, make him forget his cares, and all his public vexations and fatigues. Whilſt ſhe is ſpared to us by Providence, I feel every misfortune attendant on our ſituation may be borne, and even with chearfulneſs, for in her we poſſeſs all that fortune or the world could give us.

Never for myſelf have I lamented the privation of riches, nor a ſecluſion from the world. The luxuries adminiſtered by the former, and the pleaſures of the latter, ought to be equally indifferent to a rational being, whoſe faculties are adapted to the enjoyment of purſuits infinitely ſuperior to ſenſual gratifications.

Such

Such are my father's ideas alſo; but he deſires fortune ſufficient to enſure future independance to his family: And having in his youth conſtantly aſſociated with men of ſuperior talents, and exalted genius, I am not ſurpriſed he ſhould find a ſtagnation of his intellectual powers in the circumſcribed ſociety this retired and confined ſituation affords.

There muſt ever be ſome pain attendant on humanity to point its thoughts and deſires to a ſuperior world; and my father's uneaſineſs has been almoſt the only ſource of it to me from my infancy till now. My mother's returning health, my father's preſent unuſual tranquillity, and the proſpect of beholding Arminfeld a few weeks hence, leaves me nothing to wiſh for, except the reeſtabliſhment of my dear brother in his former ſtate of mind and conſtitution.

The languor of the firſt, and the extreme infirmity of the latter, create a thouſand melancholy apprehenſions on his account, and lead me to anticipate a future dire misfortune to himſelf and thoſe related to him. From theſe fears I endeavour in vain to divert my thoughts while I anxiouſly watch the effects of adminiſtered remedies: but alas! over his malady they ſeem to have no power.

His countenance, formerly illumined with the greateſt vivacity and intelligence, has aſſumed a mournful expreſſion; his playful fancy, and the ſprightly ſallies of his brilliant wit, are abſorbed in ſad unceaſing meditations; and in the pale, ſilent, and dejected Auguſtus we no longer recognize the once healthfully glowing and gaily animated youth, whoſe looks and converſation were ſufficient to enliven the dulleſt ſcenes.

The

The canker which deſtroys this amiable and beloved brother's health, is the worm in the roſe bud that preys on its bloom and waſtes its ſweets, while the kindred flowers on the ſame ſtalk droop and wither from ſecret ſympathy. The diſtreſſes of any of my fellow creatures affect me ſenſibly; and I have ever found it impoſſible to enjoy any private happineſs while any of my family ſuffered either mentally or corporeally: but I find it equally impoſſible to murmur at the diſpenſations of Providence, to whoſe all-wiſe decrees I ſhall ever ſubmit without repining, however powerful the feelings of humanity may be.

And now, my amiable friend, receive my warmeſt acknowledgments for your laſt lively and charming letter; which, arriving at a time of extreme dejection, elevated my drooping ſpirits, and enabled me to ſupport myſelf at the alarming

criſis of my dear mother's dangerous illneſs. It was indeed a period at which I ſtood in need of all the conſolations friendſhip could beſtow; and yours moſt ſweetly conduced to tranquillize my agitated ſoul.

Continue then to write to me, and impart comfort, for ſtill I require it during my brother's indiſpoſition.

Your letters, and Arminfeld's preſence, will compoſe my mind, and enable it to exert the reaſon of which my feelings may experience the neceſſity.

Since my mother's recovery, the ſatirical ſtrokes of your lively pen have extorted ſmiles from my gravity.

In your picture of the Engliſh, I cannot recognize a people univerſally famed for ſolidity and depth of underſtanding. I have ever conſidered the Britons as the profoundeſt reaſoners, the moſt elegant

gant and judicious authors, the ableſt ſtateſmen, and the braveſt warriors in the world. From what ſtrange inconſiſtency in human nature can it proceed, that a nation ſo wiſe in the aggregate, ſhould be ſo ridiculous individually?

Every perſon in ſociety ought to conſider that they form a part of a community, and that they become reſponſible to that community for each action, however apparently indifferent, which, nevertheleſs, muſt tend to influence as well as to characterize national manners.

From your deſcription of the abſurdities of the metropolis, I perceive the neceſſity of ſuperior and leading characters, who will boldly dare to ſtem the torrent of faſhion, when it threatens to overwhelm and deſtroy good ſenſe and propriety. Sound judgment and inviolate truth ſhould be the ſtandard of actions and opinions.

Fine examples amongſt a people as imitative as the Engliſh, would have infinite power to annihilate the preſent prevailing follies.—And it ſhould be the object of thoſe in eminent ſituations, and public ſtations, to ſet a pattern of the ſtricteſt propriety and virtue for the imitation of their fellow citizens and countrymen.

Among the brighteſt examples, Lord Albion and his lady will ever ſhine conſpicuous. Long may their virtues perform the offices for which they were beſtowed!

And in this prayer for general benefit, I pray for my heart's deareſt intereſts in the welfare of its beloved friend.

LETTER XXVII.

From Lady ALBION to GERTRUDE.

St. James's Square, April 10.

WITH unſpeakable joy I reſume the pen to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, my deareſt Gertrude: and to thank you for having indulged me with ſo long a one. I flatter myſelf I am worthy of it, as I prize infinitely every line traced by your hand.

You ſeem, my ſweet girl, to be the favourite pupil of wiſdom, and I delight in ſtudying it in your letters.

At the age of ſeventeen, you think and act with a preciſion and ſenſe few attain, even at the matureſt period of

their life: Even in the common events of it, your ſuperior qualities eminently diſtinguiſh you; but the moment of trial arrays you in celeſtial brightneſs—Gertrude, you are truly angelic in your ſufferings.

But I truſt they are paſt! In each I bore a ſhare—and now with gladneſs congratulate you on your charming mother's recovery, your father's returning cheerfulneſs, and Arminfeld's preſence. Would I could alſo rejoice over your amiable brother!

Let us yet hope his re-eſtabliſhment.

His youth, your father's profeſſional abilities, and your tender cares may effect a wonderful reſtoration.

Yes! Gertrude, I will indulge hope—and believe I ſee your ſweet expreſſive countenance illumined with its brighteſt rays.

Then

Then let me induce you to forget your anxieties for a moment, my charming friend, and make you ſmile with me while I introduce you into a London drawing-room.

There you will behold at leaſt a dozen ladies to one gentleman; the majority of whom are old, gouty, and too infirm to follow what they call pleaſure. If perchance there be any young men in the ſociety, they are certainly giving themſelves all imaginable airs, amongſt which, a total diſregard for our ſex, and an entire indifference to their preſence are conſidered the moſt becoming. The few who are in the room are gathered in a crowd on the hearth, monopolizing the fire to themſelves.

Where are our gentlemen? you will aſk.—Many of them may be found at the gaming-houſes, playing for more than they will ever be worth.—Some, even

at the late hour of ten, eleven, and even midnight, are ſtill carouſing in parties round the dinner table, from which the ladies have been withdrawn for many hours. Many a grey-haired father of a family, inſtead of accompanying their wives and daughters to the place of engagement, have excuſed themſelves from the party to ſpend the evening more agreeably in the ſociety of a miſtreſs; on whoſe faithleſs perſon, and extravagant eſtabliſhment, a greater portion of the family fortune is expended than will go to the widow's jointure, or than is allowed at preſent to the lawful wife, the heir, and a numerous legitimate offspring. Our young men are either at taverns, one of the theatres, or in places, if poſſible, more dangerous and deſtructive to fortune, health, manners, and every moral and religious principle.

It muſt be owned indeed that our private circles are not the moſt agreeable nor engaging:—They are ſtiff without politeneſs—formal without propriety, and our converſations dull in the extreme. That amenity of look, courteſy of deportment, general complacency of manner, and that deſire of pleaſing and being pleaſed in ſociety, which every individual who forms a part of it ſhould endeavour ſtudiouſly to cultivate for their own ſake, and that of others, is almoſt unknown among us.

Without a particular introduction to, and an intimate acquaintance with, the perſons with whom we almoſt daily aſſociate, we exchange mutual cold regards, and a formality of addreſs which entirely deſtroys the charms of ſociety.

In fine we may pronounce the Engliſh to be collectively the moſt virtuous

nation exiſting, whether we conſider it politically or morally, but devoid of thoſe ſocial and agreeable qualifications which render the reſt of Europeans more engaging with leſs intrinſic and ſolid merit.

I have endeavoured to ſketch the outlines of my countrymen for you, my beloved friend; and I think my pencil has not taken a latitude to caricature their natural traits: But in the variety of colouring and ſhades which their reſpective portraits will admit, we ſhall obſerve that diverſity that obtains in every country; where the inhabitants may be characterized in general by follies or good qualities, almoſt peculiar to their nation, but where nevertheleſs we ſhall have frequent occaſions to remark individuals whoſe only characteriſtic is virtue, common to all unprejudiced minds, and unſophiſticated manners.

From

From considering the English collectively, I shall proceed to delineate some of them individually to you, as I promised in my last letter.

In my mother, my brother, and Albion, you have samples of some of our most amiable characters. But among the numerous families known to me, all are not equally estimable; yet in the present state of society we are frequently induced, from a variety of motives, to associate with people whom it is impossible thoroughly to approve, although no flagrant acts can justify their being entirely excluded from what is called *good company*.

Among my acquaintance, Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer are of this negative description.

No one can tell how Mr. Mortimer is descended; his parents were unknown, which is a presumptive evidence of their being

being low born. Mr. Mortimer without any fortune became ſuddenly extremely rich by marrying the daughter of a Weſt Indian planter. Without birth, perſonal accompliſhments, or mental endowments, the nominal poſſeſſion of a very conſiderable income gives them an eaſy acceſs into the firſt circles.—Their houſe is always filled with innumerable viſitors, who frequent it ſolely becauſe it often affords them the moſt ſplendid entertainments. A good repaſt gives a zeſt to the inſipid converſation of thoſe who give the feaſt.—They are groſsly flattered by the paraſitical gueſts; who, on the following day, at another table openly ridicule their laſt entertainers to amuſe and compliment their preſent hoſts.

Mr. Mortimer keeps an excellent table.—Mrs. Mortimer's balls are ſuperb, her dreſs is in the very firſt ſtile of faſhion, and her equipage extreme-

ly

ly elegant.—All this procures her the moſt aſſiduous attentions from her own ſex, and the adulation of the other.

"I am to be at Mrs. Mortimer's aſſembly this evening," cries one lady to another, with an exulting air, "Pray are you acquainted there?"

"No," replies the latter, "but I would give any thing to know Mrs. Mortimer.—Her entertainments are delightful I underſtand."

"O! charming indeed! very charming! one meets all the world there—and in ſuch crowds, that there is abſolutely no ſuch thing as ſtirring through the rooms—one is almoſt ſqueezed to death."

"But it is whiſpered the fortune is immenſely embarraſſed; and I don't in the leaſt wonder at it, for he is exceſſively thoughtleſs and imprudent, and ſhe is dreadfully extravagant." And after

after theſe *good-natured* encomiums, the converſation reſpecting Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer ends, unleſs it proceed to ill-natured hints injurious to Mrs. Mortimer's reputation.

Your chaſte delicacy, my amiable Gertrude, ſtartles at this.—But if you knew more of the world, you would too ſoon have opportunities of diſcovering that there is ſcarcely any ſhame attached to faſhionable gallantry; on the contrary, it is the very means by which all our demireps of faſhion have attained the admiration and celebrity which diſtinguiſhes them in the *beau monde*.

Real beauty has little part in the triumphs of my country-women. The St. James's mantua-makers and milliners are the ſole arbiters of taſte and elegance. To them and an audacious air our modern fair ones are indebted for univerſal applauſe; which none dare refuſe

fuſe under a leſs ſevere penalty than a total forfeiture of every pretenſion to judgment, and faſhion.

To this latter ſovereign Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer have ſworn fealty, and never neglect all the homage it requires. Their every action, every geſture, every look, and every thought is ſubmitted to its tyrannical dominion.

After this deſcription of them, I almoſt bluſh to acknowledge that the court they pay to me exceeds every idea I could attempt to give you of it. To avoid them I found impoſſible, and in courteſy I am compelled patiently to receive them at all times without having any taſte for their company. Mrs. Mortimer pretends a moſt violent affection for me; and aſſumes all the freedom of a ſiſter; but our diſpoſitions aſſimilate as little as our manners; therefore, my amiable

amiable Gertrude need not fear a rival in my affections.

Were I not well aſſured of Albion's I ſhould have great reaſon to apprehend his fidelity might yield to Mrs. Mortimer's allurements, evidently directed to captivate my Lord.—But I have every dependance in his conſtancy.

Adieu, my charming friend. Write to me ſoon; conſider me in all the buſtle of a London life, as an exile in ſolitude; and let your letters, which ſpeak ſo eloquently the genuine language of nature, conſole me for the privation of it in all that ſurrounds me in this metropolis.

LETTER XXVIII.

From GERTRUDE to Lady ALBION.

Richterſwyl, April 20.

THANKS! innumerable thanks to my ſweet friend for her laſt kind and entertaining letter, which gratitude and affection are anxious to acknowledge.

The daily amendment of my father's ſpirits, and my beloved mother's health, the return of ſpring, and the preſence of Arminfeld, each conduce to enliven my heart; which, however, like the preſent ſeaſon, is frequently overſhadowed with clouds of ſorrow while I behold my drooping brother, over whoſe melancholy fate my tears drop as the ſoft

ſhowers

ſhowers of ſpring which are ſucceeded by ſunſhine. Arminfeld's tender conſolations are equally revivifying to my ſoul as ſunbeams to bloſſoms ſurcharged with rain.

The chill blaſts of winter, ſleepleſs nights, and anxious watchings over the uneaſy pillows of my beloved parents had nearly overpowered my fragile frame already prediſpoſed to conſumption; the moſt ſurely fatal of all maladies.

During Arminfeld's abſence he knew not I had been ill. That circumſtance I had entirely concealed from him, and but half diſcovered the languiſhing ſtate of the reſt of my family.

On his arrival he was ſhocked to obſerve the ravages of illneſs on all our faces. And on my pallid cheek love ſhed innumerable tears; which, like the dew, ſeem to have refreſhed the bloom of fading roſes.

In

In Arminfeld's company my father's careful brow unbends from ſadneſs, my mother ſmiles, and my ſoul rejoices in the preſence of its kindred ſpirit; but poor Auguſtus remains unheedful of the voice of friendſhip: and Arminfeld weeps with me over the friend of his youth, whom ſilent melancholy abſorbs from every former joy.

"We muſt conſole each other," cries Arminfeld, preſſing my hand, while, with tearful eye, he beholds my dejected brother's penſive ſteps carrying him from the ſociety of his once loved family, to ſeek his daily haunt of ſolitude: where, with folded arms, ſeated on a fallen and blaſted oak, he marks for hours the fall of an impetuous torrent; that ruſhes down the craggy cliffs of our mountain. Here we often watch him till the declining ſun, with lengthened ſhadows, marks the rude outline of the impending

impending rocks; which he illumines with his departing rays. As they fade into duſky twilight, my ſorrowful brother mechanically treads the path that leads him home, no longer to mix in ſweet domeſtic converſe, but to ſeclude himſelf in his apartment; where he reads till midnight, and then retires to reſt his weary limbs to recommence on the morrow the fatigues and ſorrows of the day that is paſt.

Arminfeld is our only conſolation.

How ſoothing is his converſation while we walk through the receſſes of our garden, to breathe the refreſhing air of ſpring; whoſe zephyrs ſcatter the mingled ſweets of innumerable fragrant bloſſoms and flowrets blooming on every ſpray. The ſong of birds ſalutes the bluſhing morning as we mark the opening bells of hyacinths, and behold the pearly dew drop gliſtening on the ſaphire hue of violets,

violets, which richly enamel the ſpangling verdure of our moſſy banks.

Ah! my friend, how infinitely ſuperior are the objects of nature to thoſe of art. The firſt, ſimple and ſublime, impreſs the ſoul, and elevate it to the contemplation and beatitude of the divine eſſence whence our minds emanate; while artificial objects, in ſophiſticated forms only attract our fancy, and attach it ſolely to the conſideration of beings as changeable as their works are tranſient.

The maſſive pile, once the reſidence of ſovereigns and their ſplendid court, and the admiration of the joyous crowd that revelled in gaiety and grandeur within its extenſive walls, ſhall moulder to decay; and encumber the footpath of the paſſing ſtranger with crumbling ruins, falling to duſt like their princely founder; while the hill on which the fabric

fabric ſtood ſhall remain firm on its baſe; and be adorned with ever renewing vegitation.

I would not, however, be ſuppoſed deſtitute of a taſte for the works of art. Architecture, painting, and ſculpture are admirable ſpecimens of human powers and induſtry; and, in proportion as they diſplay genius, prove the celeſtial origin of man, and point to immortality as the ſoul's deſtination. Yet theſe are but imitative arts: and he who is more agreeably ſtruck with the view of a fine building, picture, or ſtatue than he would be with the proſpect of ſtupendous mountains, the foreſts which flouriſh on their aſcents, and the immenſe body of waters flowing round them, would ſeem to me as much devoid of true taſte, and ſolid judgment, as the infant who, in his plaything admires the imperfect imitation of creatures and the work of mortals

tals more than he does nature itſelf and its Divine Creator; whoſe omnipotence and omniſcience are as evident in the minuteſt as in the greateſt of his works.

The ſmalleſt flower, the moſt diminutive inſect, and the fineſt grain of ſand are volumes to the contemplative mind. The ſtudy of nature is inexhauſtible.

Arminfeld's profeſſion leads him to botanize. This ſtudy he purſues with intelligence; unconfined to the common dull, beaten, and barren track of claſſification; where a multiplicity of technical terms explain nothing of real utility.

Accompanied by him and my father, I frequently explore the Alpine wilds; where ſalutary herbs grow luxurioufly, ſometime ſheltered in the fertile vallies and ſometimes creeping up the rocky

precipices ſurrounding the flower enamelled vales.

Never does my mind ſtray beyond them for happineſs or improvement, both concentred in my family and Arminfeld.—Yes! Angelica—he to me will be a world—and I fondly hope that I to him ſhall be a univerſe; as you ſay in one of your letters.

Excepting your ſociety there is nothing I covet in London, that metropolis of the world.

Your preſence, my beloved friend, and my amiable brother's reſtoration, are the only things now wanting to complete my felicity. In two years I ſhall be united to the virtuous Arminfeld. Tranquilly ſettled in our native ſhades we ſhall be devoted to each other; and the pleaſing cares of alleviating the pains and misfortunes of our fellow creatures.

Arminfeld's

Arminfeld's profeſſional ſcience will adminiſter remedies to remove the evils of ſickneſs; and my tender ſolicitudes ſhall in every way be exerted to aſſuage thoſe of mental and bodily diſtreſs. Thus we ſhall live contentedly fulfilling the duties of our ſituation, comprehending our duty to the Divinity, our neighbour, and ourſelves, and anticipating joys ſubject to no diminution.—Ah! Angelica —that word diminution almoſt deſtroys the fairy ſcene of earthly happineſs. As I wrote it down, I lifted my eyes, and beheld my brother bending his courſe to the withered tree, that beſide the mountain torrent lies blaſted equally with himſelf the emblem of a premature decay. — That oak, almoſt arrived at maturity, fell by lightning laſt ſummer, with all the honors of that fair ſeaſon on its head. Now withered, they are ſcattered by the blaſt, which tears the foliage

liage from the blooming roſe. Arminfeld glowing with youth and health, as poor Auguſtus once was, may be like him bereft of all that renders life a bleſſing; and I like a drooping flower may bend to the ſhivering ſtorm.

But I will not infect you with melancholy. Rather let me ſtrive to baniſh it for the ſake of love and friendſhip; and while I mourn as a ſiſter, remember Arminfeld's claims and yours on a heart which muſt ever be faithfully devoted to both.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

Printed by A. Strahan,
Printers Street.

MEMOIRS

OF A

FAMILY IN SWISSERLAND;

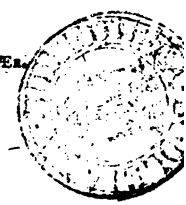
FOUNDED ON FACTS.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

Sit mihi fas audita loqui——— VIRG. Æn.

———Hominem pagina noſtra ſapit. MART.



LONDON:

PRINTED BY A. STRAHAN, PRINTERS-STREET,
FOR T. N. LONGMAN, AND O. REES, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1802.

With thee converſing I forget all time;
All ſeaſons and their change, all pleaſe alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her riſing ſweet,
With charm of earlieſt birds pleaſant the ſun,
When firſt on this delightful land he ſpreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Gliſt'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After ſoft ſhow'rs; and ſweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; then ſilent night
With this her ſolemn bird, and this fair moon,
And theſe the gems of Heav'n, her ſtarry train:
But neither breath of morn, when ſhe aſcends
With charm of earlieſt birds; nor riſing ſun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Gliſt'ring with dew; nor fragrance after ſhowers;
Nor grateful evening mild; nor ſilent night
With this her ſolemn bird, nor walk by moon,
Or glittering ſtar-light without thee is ſweet.

MILTON.

My father and mother, at Arminfeld's ſolicitations, have been prevailed on to make a little excurſion to the baths of Baden *. He and a new female neighbour of ours, with my beloved parents, form the party, originally intended to include me; and to induce my brother to try a change of air and ſcene; but he reſolutely refuſed to accompany them; and in the depreſſed ſtate of his mind, I felt it my duty to remain at home with him; although in doing ſo I ſhall only have the ſatisfaction of contributing to his comfort without the enjoyment of his ſociety. He ſtudiouſly ſhuns even that of his family; and the once frank and open Auguſtus now conceals even from Arminfeld, the ſworn friend of his boſom, the cauſe of the deep de-

* A town of Swiſſerland on the river Limat, about 11 miles from Zurich.

jection

jection which preys equally on his health and intellect.

When the plan of the excurſion was arranged, Arminfeld mentioned it to my brother; who liſtened without appearing to take the leaſt intereſt in it until he underſtood he was expected to join the party. Then heaving a ſigh, he exclaimed, "No, Adalbert—I have bid an eternal adieu to pleaſure."

"That muſt not be, my friend," cried Arminfeld, "you muſt come with us—it will amuſe you."—Auguſtus ſighed; and his friend continued, "Your father expects your compliance, your mother hopes it, Gertrude and I entreat it, and Madame de Valmont commands it."

"Madame de Valmont has no empire over me," ſaid my brother, riſing from a ſeat in our garden, where we had found him reclined, and placed ourſelves

on each ſide of him—"No—Madame de Valmont never can acquire an aſcendance over me," repeated Auguſtus; withdrawing his hands from ours, and claſping them as he purſued an encloſed walk that ſoon concealed him from us.

Tears gliſtened in Arminfeld's eyes; and mine ſhed torrents which love endeavoured to wipe away.

Their traces remained on my cheeks; for on my entering the ſaloon, Madame de Valmont beholding me, comprehended immediately that my brother had refuſed to be of the party.—"I fear," ſaid ſhe, "Monſieur Weſſerman will not come with us! Have I not divined right?"

"Alas! Madam, you have," replied Arminfeld ſighing.

"But nevertheleſs we muſt go," cried ſhe, "every thing is already ſettled by me for our departure; and this *little* excurſion is abſolutely neceſſary

for

for the reſtoration of Madam Weſſerman's health."

That was a conſideration intereſting to every heart.—We all united in ſoliciting my beloved mother not to recede from her engagement; and unable to refuſe any thing to our entreaties, ſhe conſented to be ready on the day after the morrow.

I requeſted permiſſion to remain at home, to watch my brother's health.—My father wiſhed to do this; but I beſought him to accompany my mother and allow me to remain behind. Madame de Valmont approved my conduct—ſaid it was admirable; and beſtowed innumerable flattering encomiums on it, which I could not relate without an appearance of vanity.

Arminfeld ſeemed equally delighted with this teſtimony of my affection for my brother and his friend; and finding it impoſſible to preſs me to leave him,

offered to remain alſo to cheer my ſolitude.

"O my God!" exclaimed Madame de Valmont, "that would be an indecorum indeed! I know not what licences may be allowed in Swiſſerland; but in France we ſhould never permit an unmarried girl to receive the viſits of a young man in the abſence of her parents."

I bluſhed—Arminfeld coloured; and felt the neceſſity of accompanying the party as he had intended.

I muſt now introduce this Madame de Valmont to you, my beloved friend. —She profeſſes to have a ſincere friendſhip for me; but I will not permit myſelf to confide in her without a further acquaintance.

She ſeems to be about five and twenty; is an animated brunette, with piercing black eyes, and a tolerable ſet of teeth,

teeth, which give to her phyſiognomy an air of prettyneſs without any regularity of feature: her form is far removed from ſymmetry, yet her appearance altogether is pleaſing; her movements are genteel without being graceful; her manner is frivolous, yet it is engaging; her converſation is agreeable without much intelligence; and her vivacity might eaſily be miſtaken for wit.

Such is the perſon to whom chance introduced us ſome weeks ſince.

In my walks with my father, we had frequently met this ſtranger and interchanged regards. One day as I paſſed with Arminfeld ſhe ſaluted us; and we returned the compliment. On the following evening as we encountered her, ſhe called to a little lap-dog that generally followed her, and expreſſed a fear of its being worried by one of another

ſpecies, which was running beſide us on the road.

"Ah! my God!" exclaimed the lady, "poor Bijou will be deſtroyed by that great dog.—Ah! Monſieur, if you would have the goodneſs"—

Arminfeld had already flown to reſcue Bijou; and catching him up in his arms, preſented him to his miſtreſs with an admirable grace.

"I am full of gratitude for your polite attentions," ſaid the lady, "and wiſh to teſtify it by more than words. This is my name and preſent addreſs," continued ſhe, preſenting a card; "and if you, ſir, and your charming ſiſter, will favor me with your company, I ſhall endeavour to prove the ſentiments which have penetrated my heart."

"My name, madam, is Arminfeld," ſaid he; "I have not the honor to be this lady's brother, but ſhall certainly have

have that of waiting on Madame the Marchioneſs de Valmont."

"Perhaps," reſumed ſhe, "you will do me the favor to conduct me home, and call in at my apartments: they are not ſuch as I have at Paris; but you will find a better welcome than accommodation, and I ſhall rejoice in having ſuch amiable gueſts."

In the way to her lodging, which was in the village, we had a detail of her circumſtances; and innumerable queſtions relative to ours, which might have given an additional proof of the proverbial volubility and curioſity of her nation.

In the firſt half hour of our acquaintance ſhe informed me ſhe was an orphan and a widow. This intelligence was a ſtrong appeal to my feelings;—I regarded her with compaſſion, and a tenderneſs almoſt approaching to affec-

tion. A foreigner unprotected and in weeds apoſtrophiſed my heart; and arriving at her door, I preſſed her hand as I took leave to depart.

"Muſt you go?" demanded Madame de Valmont.

I heſitated.—"It is growing late, Madame," interrupted Arminfeld; "and our friends would be uneaſy if the pleaſure of your ſociety induced us to lengthen our abſence."

This determined me to go immediately, and I quitted our new acquaintance.

"She is very handſome," ſaid I to Arminfeld, in a kind of interrogatory tone.

"I cannot think ſo, my dear Gertrude," he replied.

"You will allow her to be amiable, at leaſt," ſaid I, with a deciſion of manner that ſeemed to forbid contradiction.

"That

"That is to be proved," cried Arminfeld, with a ſmile which ſeemed to imply a doubt of what I had almoſt affirmed.

"When we have no proofs to counteract our hopes of finding a perſon amiable, we ſhould indulge the idea of their being ſo," reſumed I.—"That this lady is a widow, and diſtant from her home we cannot doubt; and ſurely in ſuch circumſtances benevolence muſt feel a kindneſs for her."

"I feel for her," interrupted Arminfeld, ſmiling; "but my beloved Gertrude ſeems to forget that I can have no eyes nor no heart but for herſelf."

This ſpeech accompanied with a gentle preſſure of the hand, and looks eloquently expreſſive of the tendereſt love, ſoftened my heart ſtill more, and rendered it doubly ſuſceptible.—I felt at that moment an increaſe of commiſeration for

the Marchioneſs; and fully comprehended her loſs muſt be irreparable, and her ſituation the moſt wretched that can be conceived.

"We muſt endeavour to conſole Madame de Valmont," ſaid I.

Arminfeld preſſed my hand to his heart, and exclaimed with enthuſiaſm, "Gertrude, you are an angel." At that inſtant we aſcended a hill whence a view of my home broke on my ſight.—The ſun was juſt ſetting; his beams glowed in the ſaffron tinted horizon, and tinged the glaſſy ſurface of the lake below with a vernal hue.—Tranquillity ſeemed to have ſpread its wings over the peaceful ſcene. In the ſerenity of nature my boſom expanded with exquiſite ſenſations; among which gratitude to the ſupreme Being became predominant, and mingled with every other feeling; and whilſt I was ſenſible of the bleſſings

I en-

I enjoyed, I was equally alive to the afflictions of thoſe who no longer poſſeſſed the comforts ſtill ſpared to me. My father, my mother, ruſhed into my thoughts while I remembered that the Marchioneſs had informed me ſhe had loſt thoſe dear relatives at an early period of her life.—My thoughts were buſily occupied with her misfortunes when at the arbour of our garden gate my parents met us with a tender welcome.

I recounted our adventure to them; and ſeated beſide an aſſiduous lover in the ſociety of an affectionate father and mother, I entreated the latter to accompany me on the following morning to ſee the young foreigner; whoſe lonely and unprotected ſituation appeared to me ſo pitiable.

My mother, ever alive to humanity and benevolence, appeared to intereſt herſelf reſpecting

reſpecting the widowed ſtranger; and on the morrow went with me to viſit her.

The Marchioneſs received us with a politeneſs and addreſs that ſpoke her rank, and a perfect knowledge of the great world. And according to our preſſing invitations to our houſe made on this introductory viſit, ſhe ſeized an early opportunity of paying her compliments to us. My mother's engaging manners have induced her to repeat theſe viſits frequently. Her company ſeems extremely agreeable to my father; whoſe general acquaintance with polite life, and Paris in particular, leads him to reliſh the ſociety and manners of a woman who has ſeen much of the world. She certainly poſſeſſes the art of inſinuating herſelf into the favor of thoſe with whom ſhe converſes. I find her an engaging companion; although I in vain ſeek in her that ſimplicity of manner

and

and innocence of character which render your country-women in general ſo lovely; and which ſpeak ſo forcibly to the heart the language of ſincerity and nature.

Lady Belfont and yourſelf were eminently diſtinguiſhed by candor, and thoſe unaffected manners that muſt always be delightful; and that have impreſſed your remembrance in indelible characters on my admiration and my affection. Moſt amiable of friends, farewel!

LETTER XXX.

From Lady ALBION to GERTRUDE.

St. James's Square, May. 30.

How unſtable is human happineſs, my beloved friend!

I, who lately poſſeſſed all that a mortal could deſire, am fallen from the ſummit of felicity into an abyſs of miſery.

Fortune and rank, thoſe gilded toys of life, are inſufficient of themſelves to adminiſter contentment and happineſs. They muſt have their origin in the heart; and are foſtered by circumſtances far removed from wealth and grandeur.

deur.—Theſe very frequently render them leſs permanent.

To be immerſed in the world of gaiety and faſhion has been the deſtruction of myriads—and has been the deſtruction of my felicity.

Leſs elevated, and conſequently leſs courted by the giddy multitude, who preſs onward to the vortex of diſſipation, my peace had remained undiſturbed by folly.—Albion had ſtill been faithful.

Alas! Gertrude, he leaves me daily in ſolitude to weep over his perfidy!

Deprived of his ſociety I am alone indeed; and in the loſs of his ſmiles I have loſt my all.

Love has fled—and inconſtancy has extinguiſhed the torch of Hymen.

Deſerted and deſolated, I waſte the hours in tears, and ſee no end of regrets nor ſorrow.

In

In the faithful boſom of friendſhip alone, diſappointed love hopes an aſylum, and flies to the ſhelter of the amiable Gertrude's affection.

Perhaps I may end my days near you. In the tranquil ſcenes of nature I would endeavour to bury the remembrance of thoſe infinitely oppoſed to them; and, in the rational enjoyments of a country life, learn to forget the irrational torments of a metropolis.

Yes! Gertrude; I wiſh to ſeek ſome ruſtic cottage near you, ſheltered by the peaceful and umbrageous woods overhanging the tranquil lake of Zurich. In the charms of your ſociety I ſhould ceaſe to feel the poignancy of my afflictions; I ſhould behold your happineſs, and friendſhip would make it my own. Arminfeld would be my friend and my protector. And while his profeſſional duties called him from his home, I

ſhould

ſhould viſit you, and aſſiſt in the care of your little family.—Sometimes we might walk abroad together; and I would join with you in alleviating the ſorrows of thoſe who were my partners in misfortune. We would daily ſtray through thoſe delightfully rural retreats, endeared to us each by the commencement of our friendſhip, whilſt age matured the affection of our youth.

The mercy of Heaven in depriving us of a bleſſing always beſtows a ſubſtitute. There is not any ſituation where we may not find ſome conſolation.

To live the remainder of my days near you, and end them in your arms, would be the conſolation of a life which has no other ſolace remaining but that which friendſhip can afford.

Lord Albion would not oppoſe my deſire of quitting England; I ſhould be

permitted to depart, ſince my preſence has ceaſed to give him pleaſure.

Yet, Gertrude, he ſeems unable to find it elſewhere. A ſoul like his, habituated to virtue, cannot deviate from its ſmooth path without regret; nor accuſtom itſelf to the ways of vice without painful retroſpections; which will prove that happineſs can only be found in rectitude of conduct.

My faithleſs Lord, too guilty to find enjoyment in my company, ſhuns my preſence, and in that of my rival ſeeks the happineſs that, like a phantom, eludes the profane touch of wickedneſs. Even in the arms of her for whom I am deſerted, Albion will deteſt the vile ſeducer of his innocence; and his crime will be its own tormentor.—Already wretchedneſs clouds his brow, and tortures his boſom with convulſive ſighs.

But

But hold.—Is it right that the anguiſh of my ſoul ſhould wreſt from me the avowal of Lord Albion's perfidy? Can a wife be juſtified in publiſhing the depravity of a huſband who once fondly adored her—who lived only for her happineſs, and would have ſacrificed his own for the gratification of her very caprices?

Gratitude has treaſured innumerable ſuch inſtances of eternal obligation on my heart which can never be effaced.—They muſt remain indelible, and guard the public honor of Lord Albion. Virtue has ſtamped his nature with the ſeal of rectitude.—He can deviate from it, but can neither enjoy nor glory in his ſhame. I ſhall ſtrive to ſpare him public infamy: I will be as tender of his honor as if it were ſtill unſullied: The warrior's fame ſhall not be blaſted by the breath of calumny: The laurels of his victorious valour ſhall continue to bloom;

the

the luſtre of his title ſhall ſhine untarniſhed; and my prudence ſhall ſhield his indiſcretions. Mortality is frail,—it is changeable; and my Lord may yet repent.—My gentleneſs, my kindneſs ſhall lead him back to virtue.—I can pardon him; but I can never forget my wrongs. If Albion ſhould forſake his preſent courſe,—if he ſhould ſolicit my forgiveneſs, he ſhall inſtantly obtain it,—if he ſhould ſue for my affection, I will grant it,—I will be his conſtant companion, I will be his kind adviſer, I will be his comforter, I will be his tender attendant in illneſs, I will be his faithful friend; but he ſhall never again deceive me! No, Gertrude;—faith once broken can never be believed.

Ah! my friend, perhaps my generoſity may never be put to the trial.

At this moment I perceive no proſpect of a change in my ſituation. Lord Al-

bion is never at home; I am too melancholy to leave it, or to admit company; and my dejection gives me such an appearance of indisposition, that it favors my wish of seclusion by giving a reasonable pretext for it without creating surprise: My Lord's unusual absence from home, and the evident alteration in his looks, are all that could awaken any observation of his conduct. Towards me it is as respectful as ever when we meet; quick-sighted love alone, jealous of its rights, could perceive the diminution of his affection. Mine, animated, and exacting, and accustomed since my union to the tendereſt assiduities from the most adoring of husbands, can but too clearly see his present disregard and infidelity.

I have concealed it from my brother, and even from my mother. The first is almost wholly devoted to his profession;

and

and conſequently is much from town. My reſpected parent believes me to be as formerly inceſſantly harraſſed by a diſſipation from which her age and ſituation exempt her; and in our daily morning viſits perceives no alteration in my circumſtances, although maternal ſolicitude obſerves with anxiety my altered and pallid countenance: While ſhe remarks it, and entreats me to be careful of my health, it is with difficulty I can check the riſing ſigh or reſtrain the ſtarting tear which ſpring from my ſorrows; and would diſcover them to one ſo anxious for my happineſs as my reſpectable and tender mother.

Filial regard and conjugal propriety both ſpare her the affliction of knowing mine.

My lonely evenings paſs cheerleſsly—viſitors are excluded—my ſervants hear that

that I am ill—thoſe about my perſon ſee that I am indiſpoſed.

This is all natural enough—my Lord's abſence is alone ſurpriſing.—If our ſervants remark it they will conclude their Lord is becoming faſhionable, and like the reſt of the world; and will never give his conduct a ſecond conſideration.

In my ſolitary chamber I paſs the hours in reading rational and inſtructive authors. Your letters are peruſed a thouſand times; and the laſt is now lying beſide me, and ſteals me from my own concerns by anxiety reſpecting yours.

I rejoice to hear of your father's tranquillity, and your amiable mother's reſtoration, but I mourn over the affecting deſcription of your brother's ſituation.

I ſhould congratulate you, my beloved Gertrude, on the acquiſition of an

 argeeable

agreeable neighbour and a friend, were ſhe not in the perſon of Madame de Valmont.

I do not like her;—I flatter myſelf however, that neither envy, jealouſy, nor national prejudice affect my opinion reſpecting her.—I cannot diſlike her for regarding you: I would not object to her becauſe ſhe is a French woman, for I conſider all obloquy thrown indiſcriminately on any body of people, whether a nation or profeſſion, unjuſt and illiberal in the extreme.

Your deſcription of the Marchioneſs is quite a portrait; and too natural and ſtriking not to be a juſt likeneſs of the original. You delineate with a maſterly hand, and ſeize the ſpirit of the ſoul to animate the features of your piece; yet taught more by genius than ſcience, like a youthful artiſt, you draw the lines without

without knowing their full effect; and combine the colours without divining exactly the tints and ſhades they will produce. Artleſs yourſelf, you know not how to ſuſpect art in others. Four years older than you, and more verſed in the world, I cannot regard Madame de Valmont with that tenderneſs, which, as your amiable and energetic lover felt, renders you angelic.

Perhaps it is cruel to diſpel the illuſions of virtue and benevolence; yet perhaps it would be ſtill more cruel to leave your unſuſpecting innocence a prey to artful characters; which, too late diſcovered, might render you more ſuſpicious and miſtruſtful from confidence abuſed than if it had never been betrayed.

One may be pretty without regularity of feature, pleaſing without the pro-

portions of the Medicean Venus, genteel without being graceful;—it is poſſible even to be frivolous yet engaging, agreeable in converſation without deep information; merit may exiſt without wit; but one cannot be amiable devoid of delicacy of ſentiment; which ſeems preciſely to be the Marchioneſs's chief deficiency.

Of what uſe would delicacy of ſentiment be to a woman of the world?

Ah! Gertrude, that title implies much that we ought not to eſteem.—It recalls to my mind the author of my misfortunes; which, a lively intereſt in your affairs induced me almoſt to forget for an inſtant. With a recollection of my griefs, I mingle apprehenſions for your repoſe. Believe me, my friend, nothing can be more inimical to it than an intercourſe with an artful and deſigning

woman,

woman, experienced in the ways of the world.—Gertrude, I am weary of it, and of myſelf.—Adieu!

LETTER XXXI.

From GERTRUDE to Lady ALBION.

Richterſwyl, June 13.

YOUR laſt letter now before me has occaſioned the utmoſt uneaſineſs, for I muſt ever participate in all the ſenſations of my deareſt friend.

Ah! my dear Angelica, our pleaſures are indeed unſtable; and thoſe ſuperlatively bleſſed, as you ſo lately were, have the moſt cauſe to tremble at the uncertainty of human events. Depreſſed miſery may lift the tearful eye to Heaven, gliſtening with a ray of comfort from the contemplation of the ways of Providence, ultimately tending to the beſt, and

and producing good out of evil in the ever-varying chain of mortal occurrences. Friendſhip is ever ſolicitous to wipe away the tears of ſorrow; and mine flow in ſympathy with yours, while my animated affection opens the faithful boſom of the tendereſt amity for the refuge of a congenial ſoul. In mine yours will ever find an aſylum; and ſhould we be deſtined to live and die together, I truſt you will always feel you have confided in a heart incapable of deceit or change. Arminfeld's alſo will be ſteady and true to you, and regard you equally with me as a firſt and deareſt friend. Ah! how ſweet would it be to each of us to ſee you daily and hourly, and to obtain the earneſtly deſired power of alleviating your ſufferings. Believe me, my friend, nothing could give us greater pleaſure, except the knowledge that you needed not our conſolations. However delight-

ful it would be to me to live in your ſociety, and feel that mine was a happineſs to you, I find I can ceaſe to deſire it, and wiſh to ſubſtitute that of knowing you happier elſewhere, even in your own country, diſtant from mine, which Lord Albion's profeſſion will probably prevent his ever viſiting.

Your account of his Lordſhip's conduct ſhocked me beyond deſcription; and ſurpriſed me as much as it grieved me. I could ſcarcely credit the intelligence of his infidelity. I cannot yet believe him guilty. When I recollect his ſteadineſs, his conſtancy, and the firm affection it evinced, and which was uncommonly proved by a long trial, I am inclined to think you wrong your Lord by ſuſpicions awakened only by an animated attachment, too jealous of its rights. Perhaps Lord Albion has perceived theſe ſuſpicions injurious to his love

love and honor, which feel indignant, while wounded pride aſſumes the ſemblance of indifference towards you, to avenge a miſtruſt you ought never to have experienced reſpecting a faith ſo proved as his Lordſhip's.

Diſmiſs then thoſe doubts equally injurious to yourſelf as to your Lord, and inimical to your mutual happineſs.

I will not aſk your pardon for the frankneſs with which I have expreſſed myſelf. It would imply a doubt of your friendſhip, and would authorize it to ſuſpect mine, were I to fear offending you by ſincerity and advice: A friend ought to be always ready to give it, and to take it alſo.—And having now fulfilled the firſt duty of friendſhip in offering counſel, I will ſhew my willingneſs to receive and reſpect yours relative to Madame de Valmont.

Benevolence rather than ſelf-ſufficiency, would have wiſhed for the power of defending her to your judgment; and to be able to juſtify the firſt impulſe of my heart towards her; but candor is compelled to confeſs that it has been obliged to coincide with your opinion of a character for whom compaſſion made too great an intereſt in my affection. We muſt be correct in our ſentiments if we would be juſt in our attachments.—My regard for the Marchioneſs was too animated in the commencement;—I eſtimated her higher than truth could juſtify, or ſentiment approve, ſince I have lately diſcovered from her own confeſſion, that ſhe is deſtitute of that ſtrict delicacy of feeling which is in itſelf a virtue, and compleats the perfection of all the reſt. Every amiable quality is infinitely heightened by that exquiſite refinement of ſoul which perfects the human character; giving

giving to every thought, word, and action an indefinable charm; that like the delicate touches of a maſter's hand animate and finiſh a ſtriking and valuable portrait.

My mother's impatience to return home, Arminfeld's eagerneſs to be near me, and my father's wiſh of pleaſing them both prevented his complying with Madame de Valmont's earneſt deſires to prolong their ſtay at Baden; which the party quitted much ſooner than they intended at their departure from home; and I was moſt agreeably ſurpriſed laſt week by the unexpected arrival of my beloved family.

Seated in the arbour near our garden gate one evening, my thoughts flew to Baden: I imagined I there beheld my amiable mother reſtored to health, my dear father enjoying the pleaſures of a poliſhed and enlivening ſociety, and the

Marchioneſs amuſed by a gaiety of ſcene calculated to diſſipate the gloomy thoughts which in ſolitude might depreſs her ſpirits. Amidſt thoſe ſcenes I fancied I ſaw the engaging Arminfeld's elegant figure, the ornament of ſociety, while his ſenſe and vivacity attracted general admiration; I felt aſſured of employing his thoughts; and that the pleaſure of ſeeing thoſe around him happy, would lead him doubly to lament my abſence, while the pain it occaſioned would ſometimes check the gaiety of his diſpoſition.—Thus mentally preſent with thoſe I imagined diſtant, I heard the approach of a carriage, and bending forward perceived Arminfeld leap from his horſe. A thouſand fears ruſhed into my mind:—I flew forward to unlock the gate, and made a number of haſty inquiries reſpecting my beloved parents, and the reaſon of their ſpeedy return; while

while the light ſtep with which Armin-feld ſprung to meet me, and the joyful ſmile beaming from his expreſſive eyes, aſſured me all was well.

The delight of ſeeing him was ſoon compleated and encreaſed by the arrival of my dear father and mother, who alighted with Madame de Valmont.—The latter embraced me as a friend rejoiced to behold me. There is ſome-thing in the teſtimony of regard which claims a return, and I could not re-fuſe mine to the Marchioneſs. Her widow's habit had always demanded ſoft attentions from me; and the frequent ſuſpenſion of her natural vivacity, which I remarked during the evening, render-ed her more intereſting than uſual. I redoubled my kindneſs, and ſhe ſeemed ſenſible to it. In the courſe of the even-ing ſhe expreſſed a wiſh to ſee me daily. —"I know not how to live without you," ſaid Madame de Valmont; "you

ſured me ſhe had never for an inſtant lamented the death of the Marquis her huſband.

I was ſtruck with amazement.—Madame de Valmont perceived my aſtoniſhment, and ſeemed amuſed at it. "Surely ſaid ſhe there is nothing ſurpriſing in not regretting a perſon we have never regarded, nor even eſteemed.—My vivacity will be uninterrupted, when decorum ceaſes to impoſe laws which I find irkſome. Accuſtomed to gaiety and diſſipation, I know not how to exiſt without it. Etiquette would have laid innumerable reſtraints on me, even more terrible than I here endure, had I remained at Paris.—There I had excited envy and jealouſy; and my conduct would have been ſcandalized had I not ſubmitted to a total temporary ſecluſion from ſociety; a thouſand malicious tongues would have ruined my reputation

tion had I not paſſed at leaſt one year of my widowhood in a convent. But I was too well acquainted with the weariſomeneſs of thoſe retreats to immure myſelf again within the melancholy walls of a cloiſter. I choſe to avoid them, and have endeavoured to eſcape cenſure by travelling to different countries; where I have another object to ſeek beſides that of living free from impertinent obſervation. Here I have company although I have not diſſipation; and it is only at times I regret the amuſements of Paris.

The Marchioneſs had ceaſed to ſpeak before I recovered from my ſurpriſe.—Her confeſſion had entirely deranged all my ideas and opinions reſpecting her.—I knew not what to think of her—ſtill leſs what to ſay to her, and remained ſilent. My late tender ſolicitude for the young widowed ſtranger was changed into a kind of diſguſt towards a woman,

who,

who had been capable of uniting herſelf to a man whom ſhe neither regarded nor eſteemed.

Madame de Valmont has penetration; and perceived perhaps the change of my ſentiments towards her. She regarded me with a ſmile, and ſaid ſhe hoped to retain my affection, although I was about to change the ſubject of my compaſſion. —"You muſt confeſs," added ſhe, "that a woman is equally to be pitied for being compelled to marry a perſon ſhe abhors, as for having loſt one whom ſhe loved.—Both theſe melancholy caſes are mine."

"Alas! Madam," is it poſſible? cried I, almoſt ſoftened into tears.—"Then you are worthy of commiſeration indeed! and no one can ſympathize with you more tenderly than I ſhall.—Ah! Madam you muſt have ſuffered greatly."—

"I have,"

"I have," interrupted the Marchioneſs, "I have experienced the horror of ſacrificing myſelf to a diſguſting object, while my heart was impreſſed by the image of an amiable one; from whom fate has ſeparated me, perhaps for ever."

"A cruel ſituation indeed!" exclaimed I: "Ah! I feel for you, and with you.—But how is it you have been ſo unfortunate?"

"You ſhall hear my ſtory," reſumed Madame de Valmont, "if you deſire to know my misfortunes."

"I ſhould deſire to learn them," replied I, "in order to ſympathize with you, and conſole you if I ſhould be happy enough to have the power.—Yet perhaps I am more indiſcreet than kind in requiring a relation of circumſtances which may affect you too deeply in the recital."

"We

"We owe every thing to a kind friend," cried the Marchioneſs, "and I am too deeply indebted to you to refuſe you any thing. The narrative of my life may beguile an hour to each of us; and if you can now make ſo long a viſit I am ready to commence my hiſtory."

I bowed to the Marchioneſs; and ſhe began her ſtory in the following words."

"Left an orphan at the age of ſeven "years, I was committed by the teſta- "ment of a father to the care of a diſ- "tant couſin. She was my only female "relation; a woman of much gaiety, "who by an union with the Count de "Bellcour, acquired rank, fortune, and "a ſplendid eſtabliſhment;—a life of ex- "treme diſſipation prevented her doing "more for me than to place me in a "convent, where I received my educa- "tion, and obtained a ſafe abode; "which I ſeldom quitted, except for a

"temporary

" temporary reſidence at the chateau
" de Bellcour, ſome leagues from Paris.
" All that I obſerved there formed a
" ſtriking contraſt to the place I inha-
" bited. I compared the dreary walls
" of the ſilent cloiſters to the chearful
" apartments of the chateau, adorned
" with paintings and decorated with
" ſumptuous gilding; which appeared
" doubly magnificent, reflected on all
" ſides by large and coſtly mirrors.—
" The regulated hours to which I was
" obliged to conform in the convent,
" were horribly dull compared to thoſe
" in the chateau, which brought a con-
" ſtant round of amuſement that mark-
" ed every moment with gaiety. The
" apartments and galleries echoing
" muſic and revelry, made me conſider
" with greater diſlike the dark cells and
" lonely cloiſters of my nunnery, which
" reſounded unceaſingly the veſper bells

" of

" of the monaſtery, and the monoto-
" nous oraiſons of the holy ſiſterhood;
" whoſe wan and emaciated viſages,
" unadorned, unanimated, and rendered
" more gloomy by their black religious
" habit, ſeemed even more diſmal when
" contraſted with the mirthful faces,
" gay airs, and decorated perſons of the
" viſitors at the count's; and their lively
" converſation made me ſtill more diſ-
" guſted with the inſipid intercourſe of
" the nuns; which became daily more
" intolerably dull.

" During my childhood, my viſits to
" the Counteſs de Bellcour were ſeldom
" deſired; as I grew up they became
" more frequent. The pleaſures they
" procured me, gave me a vivacity
" which rendered my youth more at-
" tractive. I regarded the Count and
" Counteſs de Bellcour, as the miniſters
" of my enjoyments, and conducted

" myſelf

" myſelf towards them with that en-
" gaging attention which procured me
" their affection.

" When I had compleated my ſix-
" teenth year I was invited by the Coun-
" teſs to ſpend a month at the chateau.
" Daily feſtivities marked the time;
" and I beheld it nearly elapſed with an
" inconceivable ſorrow, which made me
" fully ſenſible of the taſte I had imbib-
" ed for pleaſure, and the decided ha-
" tred I had long felt for a monaſtic re-
" tirement, without knowing why I ex-
" perienced it.

" Amongſt the company I had fre-
" quently met at the Count's, my fancy
" had ſelected an object of admiration.
" —This object was the young chéva-
" lier du Chateaufort. Tall, well form-
" ed, handſome, witty, and engaging,
" my heart acknowledged his ſuperi-
" ority.

" The

" The pleaſures I had ſo often enjoy-
" ed in his ſociety, ſeemed to be centered
" in him.—Fancy perſonified gaiety and
" enjoyment in the figure of the amiable
" Chateaufort.—When I thought of
" happineſs I thought of him; and the
" ideas of each from frequent aſſoci-
" ation became inſeparable. The Che-
" valier was nephew to the Count de
" Bellcour, and the conſtant inmate
" of his maternal uncle during his
" ſummer reſidence at the chateau.—
" Inhabited by him it ſeemed a para-
" diſe; and I lamented the approach-
" ing termination of my viſit, counting
" the lapſe of each hour as the loſs of
" ſomething invaluable.

" The week before my departure, I
" was reckoning with a heavy heart, the
" few remaining days I was permitted
" to be abſent from the convent, when
" the Counteſs entered my chamber,

" and

" and diſcloſed to me the neceſſity of
" my preparing to take the veil, as the
" ſmall pittance bequeathed to me by
" my father (at whoſe deceaſe the fa-
" mily eſtates he had poſſeſſed devolved
" on the heir, a diſtant male relation)
" was not ſufficiently large to procure
" me any eſtabliſhment except a reli-
" gious one.

" Stunned by the intelligence I re-
" ceived, I ſat motionleſs, ſpeechleſs,
" and almoſt petrified with grief.—The
" Counteſs ſeemed moved by my ſitu-
" ation; ſhe ſoothed me, endeavoured
" to conſole me with the bright proſ-
" pect of future and eternal happineſs,
" as the reward of a ſhort temporary
" privation of uncertain enjoyments.
" My feelings were heedleſs of her con-
" ſolations, but my ſorrow was ſilent—
" tears were my only complaints. Ma-
" dame de Bellcour endeavoured to dry

"them; and at length reminded me "of the brilliant ball that was to en- "liven the chateau in the evening.

"Although hitherto fondly devoted "to feſtivity, ſadneſs would have turn- "ed from it now with averſion, had not "the idea of the Chevalier preſented "itſelf to my imagination. His remem- "brance ſeemed to have the power of "diſpelling my dejection, and even my "fears. Joy and hope reanimated me "with his idea;—inſpired by it my "countenance became enlivened—my "tears ceaſed, and Madame de Bell- "cour imagined me better reconciled "to the proſpect of a religious ſeclu- "ſion.

"She left me to dreſs. Occupied by "the remembrance of Chateaufort, I "walked into the parterre, from thence "ſtrolled into the domain ſurrounding "the manſion, and at length reached

a terrace

" a terrace that commanded an exten-
" ſive proſpect over ſeveral of the ad-
" joining provinces; whilſt my eyes
" wandered over the expanded view, the
" ſpire and turrets of a diſtant monaſ-
" tery reminded me of that where I
" was deſtined to ſpend my days. I
" ſickened at the thought—deſcended
" the terrace, and walked precipitately
" towards an arbour of trellis; where,
" throwing myſelf on a bench, I gave
" vent to the agitation of my mind.

" I ſeemed to behold the horizon for
" the laſt time—I imagined I ſaw the
" maſſy walls of my nunnery preclude
" for ever the ſight of the world, now
" doubly endeared to me; and I fancied
" I heard the huge iron grates of my
" priſon creaking on their ruſty hinges,
" and claſh together to incloſe me
" eternally.

" I ſhrieked—wrung my hands in an
" agony of deſpair; and covering my
" face with a handkerchief, burſt into
" tears, and ſobbed aloud.

" At length I felt a hand graſp mine,
" I perceived an arm encircle my waiſt,
" and found the gentle preſſure of lips
" to my cheek, while ſoft whiſpers en-
" quired the cauſe of ſo much woe.

" I ſtarted—looked around, and per-
" ceived the Chevalier du Chateaufort.

" I was not much paſt ſixteen—he
" was about three years older than my-
" ſelf. We had ſeen each other for up-
" wards of five with mutual approba-
" tion, but this was the firſt moment
" which diſcovered to ourſelves and
" each other a paſſion that had long
" exiſted unknown even to the hearts
" it had ſubdued.

" Nature now inſtructed us both re-
" ſpecting an univerſal ſentiment, which

" ſeeks

" ſeeks no verbal explanation in its
" commencement. Mutual glances
" now diſcovered a reciprocal regard.—
" Contented with feeling it and excit-
" ing it, we did not clothe our ſenſa-
" tions with words.—We ſpoke of every
" thing but love.

" The charms of the Chevalier's
" converſation, and the feſtivity of the
" ball almoſt baniſhed the idea of my
" approaching ſacrifice during the even-
" ing.

" The certainty of having made an
" impreſſion on Chateaufort improved
" my appearance. Nothing is ſo de-
" corative as a lover's adulation.—My
" eyes were enlivened, my colour was
" heightened, I dreſſed myſelf with
" care, and danced with a ſpirit that
" attracted the regards of all preſent.
" The Chevalier was my partner.—
" Nature had given him many advan-
" tages, education had improved them ;

" and he was ſenſible of them, without " aſſuming more than he merited.—I " had always thought him charming, " but now he was more intereſting than " ever. Whilſt in his company I " thought only of him; but on retir- " ing to my chamber at night, I min- " gled with his remembrance that of " my approaching and perhaps eternal " ſeparation from him; and paſſed the " hours allotted to repoſe without the " power of finding any. Reſtleſs and " uneaſy, I roſe early; and finding the " family had not aſſembled I ſtrolled " into the gardens.

" Inſtinctively I bent my courſe to- " wards the arbour, where, on the pre- " ceding day I had been ſurpriſed by the " Chevalier. On entering, I perceived " him ſeated in its receſs. He aroſe, " and advanced to meet me with an air

" of

" of gaiety; mine was fled, and he
" perceived it.

" 'Wherefore this appearance of de-
" jection, Mademoiſelle?'

" I was unable to ſpeak, but I ſighed
" heavily, whilſt tears ruſhed to my
" eyes.

" 'Alas!' continued the Chevalier,
" regarding me mournfully, 'this grief
" recalls to me that which I witneſſed
" yeſterday; and which I forgot in the
" lovely ſmiles which ſucceeded it;
" charming at all times you are irre-
" ſiſtably ſo when gaiety beams in your
" looks.—Let me recall it for both
" our ſakes, and let me in joy again
" loſe the remembrance of your ſad-
" neſs.—Ah! Mademoiſelle, why do
" you continue to weep?'

" 'I mourn my approaching departure'
" replied I, and'—

" ' But you will not be abſent long,' " interrupted the Chevalier.

" ' Yes, ſir; I ſhall be abſent a great " while.'

" ' No, Mademoiſelle, you muſt not " be ſo cruel, you muſt conſent to viſit " us again!—and ſoon—very ſoon.'

" ' Alas! never.'

" ' How—what do you ſay, Made- " moiſelle?—never!—Ah! what do you " mean—is it to ſport with my feelings " that you pronounce this cruel ſen- " tence in jeſt?—or is it rather to prove " me that you purpoſe the attempt?'

" ' Ah! no Chevalier, neceſſity con- " ſtrains me to act againſt my inclin- " ations, which revolt at the idea of a " monaſtic life, to which I ſhall be com- " pelled to aſſent.'

" ' A monaſtic life! Do you then " purpoſe to aſſume the veil?'

" I ſhall

" ' I ſhall be obliged to take it.'

" ' By whom?'

" ' Madame your aunt propoſes it,
" and I muſt not refuſe.'

" ' You muſt refuſe, Mademoiſelle, un-
" leſs you intend to drive me to diſtrac-
" tion. I ſhould never ſurvive your loſs.
" Ah! Mademoiſelle, conſent to oppoſe
" their wiſhes, yield to mine, and make
" me completely bleſſed.'

" ' And is it for an unprotected or-
" phan, deſtitute of fortune, to oppoſe
" the wiſhes of thoſe to whom ſhe is
" obliged? The Counteſs, your aunt,
" has heaped numberleſs favors on me,
" and I muſt not be ungrateful.'

" ' Ah! my dear Heloiſe, you ſhall
" not want a protector if you will ho-
" nor me with that title.—Say will
" your heart confer it on me?'

" I ſmiled conſent, while the impaſ-
" ſioned Chevalier threw himſelf on his

" knees at my feet, and awaited the ſen-
" tence which we imagined was to go-
" vern our fate. I pronounced aſſent
" to his deſires in a tremulous voice,
" whilſt his lips ſealed vows of eternal
" conſtancy on the hand I permitted
" him to carry to his boſom. The hours
" flew on the wings of love, while we
" remained heedleſs of their flight.—
" We were miſſed at the chateau, the
" Count came in queſt of us, and find-
" ing us together was confirmed in his
" ſuſpicion of our attachment.

" ' This will never do, my dear Che-
" valier,' cried his uncle, ſhaking his
" head, " you forget that the hand of
" Mademoiſelle de la Motteville is deſ-
" tined for you; and that you can
" never hope to be permitted to ſolicit
" that of the amiable Heloiſe.'

" The Chevalier looked confounded;
" I felt equally ſo; and the Count

" changed

" changed the converſation to ſpare our
" embarraſſment.

" During the remainder of the day,
" Chateaufort was grave, thoughtful,
" and even diſtant to me.—Hope yield-
" ed to deſpair, joy to ſadneſs, and love
" was ſucceeded by pique.—On the
" morrow the Chevalier departed.—I
" was ſeriouſly offended that he had
" left me without uttering the tender
" adieus I imagined I had a right to
" expect from him; and gave way to
" a diſpleaſure as ſtrong as my affection
" had been animated.

" I was in this diſpoſition of mind
" when the Counteſs de Bellcour en-
" tered my chamber one morning, with
" an air that announced ſhe had ſome-
" thing to communicate.—Taking a ſeat
" beſide me, ſhe informed me ſhe was
" commiſſioned to make propoſals to
" me from a gentleman who had con-

" ceived a violent paſſion for me on the
" night of the ball. Madame de Bell-
" cour complimented me on my appear-
" ance that evening, and congratulated
" me on the conqueſt I had obtained.
" 'Every thing that is ſplendid,' ſaid ſhe,
" waits your acceptance, rank, fortune,
" and a magnificent eſtabliſhment are
" offered to you by the Marquis de
" Valmont. It is neceſſary, however, I
" ſhould introduce to you the perſon
" who ſolicits your favor.—He is up-
" wards of fifty, diminutive, meagre,
" ſwarthy, unpleaſing in his manners,
" moroſe in his diſpoſitions, and his na-
" tural deformity and age are encreaſed
" by the exceſſive debaucheries of an
" intemperate youth;—but to counter-
" balance all this, he is extremely rich.'

" Ah! madam, your portrait, ugly
" as it is, flatters the hideous original,"
" exclaimed I. " The deformity of the

" Marquis

" Marquis attracted my obſervation on
" the night of the ball; on which even-
" ing we each gazed equally on the
" other.

" 'I may then inform him,' inter-
" rupted the Counteſs, 'that you were
" mutually ſtruck with each other;
" and that he may flatter himſelf with
" your attention."

" I could not refrain from ſmiling
" at the arch manner of Madame de
" Bellcour, while I requeſted her to
" annihilate the Marquis's hopes in-
" ſtead of encouraging them.

" 'You refuſe his ſuit then,' re-
" ſumed the Counteſs: 'Think well be-
" fore you decide, my dear Heloïſe;
" remember the ſcantineſs of your pa-
" ternal property, and that when I
" am no more, you will perhaps be
" left without a friend on whoſe kind-
" neſs or protection you could depend.

I am

" I am much older than you; and " the fear of leaving you deſtitute in- " duced me to propoſe your aſſuming a " religious habit as the only means to " ſecure you an aſylum. The Count " my huſband regards you—but he is " aged; and at his deceaſe our fortune " muſt deſcend to the Baron de Ville- " près."

" Madam," replied I, " imagine not " I feel any claims on you; your kind- " neſs has already heaped favors on " me which gratitude is willing to ac- " knowledge with thankfulneſs.—Alas! " I feel that I am deſtitute of fortune, " and that you are my only friend and " protector.

" I burſt into tears at the remem- " brance of the Chevalier.—He had " promiſed to be a protector to me, " but he had now declined the office. " —My pride was wounded — diſap-

" pointed

" pointed love armed itſelf with ven-
" geance, and prompted me to accept
" a ſplendor which might hereafter
" dazzle the baſe lover by whom I
" was deſerted. I imagined he had
" ſacrificed his paſſion for me to a
" mercenary alliance with the hated
" rival whom the Count had recalled to
" his remembrance. I had informed
" myſelf reſpecting Mademoiſelle de la
" Motteville, and found ſhe was an
" heireſs of immenſe fortune.

" My paſſions were ſtrong by nature,
" had never been reſtrained, and I at-
" tempted not to ſubdue them;—ſub-
" mitting to their headſtrong fury in
" a moment during which I was go-
" verned by rage, jealouſy, and deſpair,
" I authorized the Counteſs to acquaint
" the Marquis de Valmont that I ac-
" cepted his propoſals.

" He

" He arrived on the ſame day at
" the Chateau de Bellcour with a
" ſplendid equipage and numerous re-
" tinue.—As I ſtood on the terrace I
" beheld it advance with a mixture of
" pride and regret. The Marquis de-
" ſcended from it while the full glare
" of day diſcovered an uglineſs I had
" but half conceived by candle light.
" He limped into the Chateau—I en-
" tered by another door; and would
" have avoided him by flying to my
" own chamber as an aſylum againſt
" his perſecutions of compliment; but
" as I was nimbly tripping up the
" grand ſtaircaſe on tiptoe, I turned
" ſhort on the landing place, where the
" Marquis had reſted to take breath;
" and encountered him with the ex-
" clamation of 'O, my God! what a
" horrible figure!'

" Occupied

" Occupied with the remembrance " of the Chevalier's, I was ſtruck " forcibly by the aſtoniſhing contraſt " which preſented itſelf unexpectedly " and abruptly, and the exclamation " of ſurpriſe and diſguſt was involun- " tary.

" I have reaſon to believe the Mar- " quis had diſtinctly heard this firſt ſa- " lutation. He was not, however, " ſentimental enough to be repulſed by " this teſtimony of my averſion. His " paſſion had nothing of refinement. " He wiſhed to repair, if poſſible, the " wrecks of a conſtitution ſhattered by " an immoderate propenſity to vicious " pleaſures; and imagined that my " health, youth, innocence, and de- " pendent ſituation, would enſure him " a diligent nurſe, rendered faithful by " intereſt.

" The

" The firſt impreſſion of my new " admirer was far from the moſt diſ- " agreeable I received.—Each day diſ- " covered ſome freſh ſubject of diſguſt ; " and I ſhould have retracted my con- " ſent to unite myſelf to him had not " the idea of a nunnery bound me to " my engagement. The thoughts of " marrying the Marquis were dreadful; " but the proſpect of being buried alive " in a diſmal convent was even more " ſo. It would for ever preclude the " poſſibility of enjoying thoſe pleaſures " for which I had imbibed a reliſh ; and " which might certainly be within my " reach when I became miſtreſs of my- " ſelf and a fortune that could procure " every thing. Theſe arguments en- " abled me to compleat the ſacrifice " I meditated. In leſs than a week " every article was arranged for my " marriage ; and the ceremony was

" per-

" performed before the Marquis left
" the Chateau de Bellcour, to prepare
" his hotel at Paris for my reception.
" It was hinted to me, that he went
" to diſpoſſeſs a miſtreſs diſcarded on
" my account. I was totally indifferent
" as to her diſmiſſal; I ſhould even
" have wiſhed her to be retained, had
" I thought ſhe would have divided
" with me an attention which I found
" intolerably tormenting.

" Three days after my nuptials the
" Marquis ſet off for the capital. I re-
" mained at the Chateau de Bellcour;
" and towards the evening withdrew to
" my chamber to enjoy the abſence of
" my huſband. The air was freſh, and
" I had placed myſelf at the window
" to taſte its coolneſs, when my eyes
" were ſtruck by the unexpected ap-
" pearance of the Chevalier, hand-

" ſomer,

" ſomer, more animated, and more en-
" gaging than ever. My heart acknow-
" leged its poſſeſſor. He approached
" with caution; and perceiving his
" arrival had not been obſerved, he
" beckoned me down; and pointing
" ſignificantly towards the trellis ar-
" bour, ſtruck into the walk leading
" to it, and made ſigns which I com-
" prehended as an invitation to me to
" follow his ſteps: Mine bore me to
" him—flying over the path which con-
" ducted to the well-known ſpot I ar-
" rived at it, and perceived him watching
" my coming with impatience. As I
" entered the arbour he caught me in
" his arms. The love which beamed
" in his eyes baniſhed all my anger and
" miſtruſt, I even forgot my marriage,
" and I permitted his endearments
" without remembering their impro-
" priety.

" We

" We devoted ſome time to thoſe,
" without interrupting them by con-
" verſation; at length the Chevalier
" commenced it by announcing to me
" that ſince his departure he had de-
" voted himſelf to my remembrance
" and to the means of enſuring our
" happineſs.' ' I felt,' continued he,
" that I had been guilty of an impro-
" priety, and an offence againſt love,
" in declaring it before circumſtances
" authorized the tender avowal.—Solely
" occupied by it, I was induced to for-
" get the duty I owed my father, and
" the reſpect due to you and the young
" lady to whom I had long been
" affianced.—Your preſence baniſhed
" her ſo entirely from my thoughts, that
" I ceaſed to remember the contract
" exiſting between us. It had been
" formed before my heart was capable
" of receiving an impreſſion. Had it

" not

" not been captivated by your charms,
" I ſhould have conſidered it a filial
" duty to perform the engagement of
" uniting myſelf to Mademoiſelle de la
" Motteville, whoſe happineſs would
" have been the firſt object of a mind
" at liberty to devote itſelf to the du-
" ties of the ſtate I ſhould have entered
" without reluctance: but a ſoul im-
" preſſed with your image felt the im-
" poſſibility of forming a tie which
" would have rendered me unjuſt to
" Mademoiſelle de la Motteville. And
" I felt the neceſſity of apprizing her
" my heart was not at my diſpoſal; and
" that I relinquiſhed the honor of any
" claim upon hers.

" My father, who had projected
" the intended alliance, and had long
" conſidered it as the means of enſuring
" me a powerful intereſt at court, and
" a fortune which would have given
" me

" me a figure there, was enraged at my
" abandoning the bright proſpect of my
" advancement and future elevation:
" but love is blind to intereſt, and
" honor has preferred the misfortune
" of diſpleaſing a father to the immo-
" rality of becoming an indifferent huſ-
" band; which might riſk my own vir-
" tue, and the happineſs of an amiable
" woman, to whom I ſhould have been
" ſo much indebted.

" I have nothing to offer you, my
" charming Heloïſe, but a faithful heart;
" and an income as much inferior to
" my wiſhes as it is to your deſerts.—
" Do you feel that love can ſupply the
" deficiencies of fortune? I am inca-
" pable of the baſeneſs of ſeducing you
" to ſhare indigence.—My preſent com-
" miſſion, and the hopes of riſing in the
" honourable profeſſion of arms, enables
" me to offer you a ſituation, genteel

" though

" though not great; and I ſubmit my
" fate and ſentence to affection and pru-
" dence.'

" I was ſilent:—What could I ſay?
" What I ought to have ſaid could not
" find utterance.

" 'Wherefore this ſilence, my beloved
" Heloïſe?' demanded the impaſſioned
" Chevalier, 'Have you ceaſed to regard
" me, and yet fear to wound me?
" Speak—ſpeak I conjure you.—What
" have I to hope? What ought I to
" fear? A fort'night has ſcarcely elapſed
" ſince you permitted me to imagine
" I might obtain the invaluable gift of
" your hand.—I have haſtened to ren-
" der myſelf free and at liberty to ſo-
" licit it honourably. I have flown on
" the wings of love, and but this in-
" ſtant flattered myſelf I was wel-
" comed by affection.—Here in this
" ſpot where I ſo lately declared my paſ-

" ſion,

" ſion dared to hope I now be held the
" tokens of congenial ſentiment.—Why
" does your preſent ſilence and averted
" regards deſtroy the hopes our rap-
" turous meeting nurtured and ani-
" mated? Was it kind to inſpire and
" encreaſe a love you cruelly purpoſed
" to deſtroy? Deſtroy it, did I ſay?
" Alas! no earthly power can alter an
" attachment too deeply rooted to be
" eradicated. No, Heloiſe; you may
" ceaſe to regard me, but I am doomed
" to love you till I ceaſe to exiſt.'

" Moved by the tenderneſs of his
" manner, the affection it inſpired aban-
" doned my ſoul to him again without
" reſerve.—The enraptured Chevalier
" gave way to all the enthuſiaſm of the
" moſt lively paſſion, whilſt he preſſed
" me to beſtow the hand on him which
" circumſtances had left entirely to my
" own diſpoſal:—' You are the ſole

" miſtreſs of your own fate,' cried he,
" 'and I make you the arbitreſs of mine.
" —Ah! confer on me as ſoon as poſſi-
" ble a hand left at liberty.—Are you
" not free to diſpoſe of yourſelf? Who
" has a right to controul you? None
" can nor will dare to aſſume the power
" which no law either human or divine
" can delegate to them.'

" This ſpeech awakened the full re-
" collection of my miſerable ſituation.
" 'Alas! Chevalier,' I exclaimed, "I
" am no longer free.'

" 'What do I hear?' interrupted he;
" What would you announce to me?'

" 'That I am—married!'

" 'Death and deſtraction!' ejacu-
" lated Chateaufort, riſing and ſtriking
" his forehead in a phrenzied manner.

" I claſped my hands in ſilent de-
" ſpair.

" 'You

" ' You cannot be ſerious,' cried the " Chevalier, fixing his eyes on me as he " ſtood before me.—" ' You are not the " wife of another—it is impoſſible.— " Cruel Heloiſe! to ſport with a heart " that adores you!—But love will par- " don you all its agonies if you will " pronounce that you live for me.'

" ' Yes!' cried I, ' Heloiſe will live " for the amiable Chateaufort.'

" ' And for him alone,' interrupted " he with eagerneſs—' Heloiſe, I am " warm—I am jealous—I can never " bear a rival in your heart.'

" ' Fear none,' reſumed I, " the " animated heart of Heloiſe is all your " own.—But, alas!—'

" ' Heloiſe, you are myſterious—I " cannot comprehend you.—Heavens! " you weep; and your tears diſtract " me.'

" 'Wonder not that I weep at the " recollection of the horrible ſacrifice " which jealouſy offered three days " ſince on the altar of deſpair.—The " hateful remembrance makes me ſhud- " der.—Ah! Chateaufort;' cried I, " throwing myſelf into his arms as he " ſat beſide me, 'you arrive too late to " ſave the wretched victim.'

" 'To whom, and by whom, has ſhe " been ſacrificed?' demanded the Che- " valier eagerly, laying his hand on his " ſword.—'This weapon ſhall avenge " your wrongs and mine: Enraged love " can even dare to point it at an uncle's " breaſt if he is the author of its diſap- " pointment.'

" Chateaufort's manner alarmed me. " I felt the neceſſity of ſubſtituting a " tenderer ſentiment than that which " now governed him; and ſeizing his " hand, I carried it to my boſom, and

" fixing

" fixing my eyes on his with the ſofteſt
" expreſſion of love, I aſſured him I
" alone was the author of my ir-
" reparable miſery; and briefly re-
" counted the various reaſons which had
" inſtigated me to beſtow myſelf on a
" hated object. My ſoft endearments
" had the effect I hoped.—Chateau-
" fort's rage gave place to love; for
" ſome moments his ſoul yielded itſelf
" entirely to the intoxicating paſſion,
" and mine caught the enthuſiaſm of
" his. Thoſe moments, which I can
" never ceaſe to remember with delight,
" fled too rapidly. Chateaufort him-
" ſelf terminated them by demanding
" to whom the hand belonged which
" he dared to preſs to his lips.

" 'The Marquis de Valmont,' replied
" I, 'has acquired rights over my per-
" ſon—but none to my heart. Heloiſe
" de Valence beſtowed it on the ami-

" able Chateaufort, and the Marchioneſs
" de Valmont has not the power of re-
" tracting the gift.'

" The Chevalier bowed.—' I ſhall
" endeavour, Madam, to merit your
" eſteem. The object favored with
" that, will take care not to forfeit the
" invaluable treaſure. I ſhall live de-
" voted to your remembrance and the
" moſt poignant regrets. Adoration
" and reſpect will enſhrine your image
" in my heart. I muſt, if poſſible,
" ceaſe to remember Heloiſe de Va-
" lence, whilſt I think inceſſantly of
" Madame the Marchioneſs de Val-
" mont. Adieu! Madam, adieu for
" ever!'

" ' What is your purpoſe?' demanded
" I, ſeizing him as he roſe to depart;
" ' Why do you leave me?'

" ' It is poſſible,' replied Chateau-
" fort, " that you may not feel the ne-
" ceſſity

" ceſſity of this ſeparation; but my
" paſſion, more violent than yours, im-
" poſes it imperiouſly. I cannot think
" of beholding you devoted to another;
" nor could I ſee with patience your
" heavenly charms in the poſſeſſion of
" the Marquis. Even the idea of your
" being united to a being ſo hateful,
" is more than I can ſupport. Good
" God! to think that a creature ſo
" angelic as you are, muſt permit ſuch
" a hideous monſter to approach you—
" a monſter devoid of ſentiment; and
" that your purity and innocence will
" be a prey to him who has ſo often
" deſtroyed them in others! But I for-
" get the reſpect I owe you, madam.—
" Ah! I already perceive how ſoon I
" might forfeit your eſteem and my
" own.

" Adieu, Madam!' He bowed and
" departed.

" The diſtant reſpect he had aſſumed " before he left me, and the reſolute- " neſs with which he ſupported it, hurt " my feelings and revolted my heart. " Some tears and ſome ſighs ſeemed to " have the power of effacing him from " my affection. Every day I thought " of him; every object awakened his " idea, but I remembered him with " reſentment rather than love.

" The Marquis ſoon returned, in- " formed me every thing was pre- " pared for my reception at his hotel, " and I immediately accompanied " him thither. I had never viſited " Paris ſince my infancy. I was im- " patient to behold it; and, on my " arrival, was ſtruck with the appear- " ance of a capital ſurpaſſed by none. " Proud of the equipage which con- " ducted me to it, I was pleaſed by " the gaiety and buſtle which I per-

" ceived

"ceived in the ſtreets through which I
"paſſed, and was ſtill more delighted
"with the ſumptuous hotel which pre-
"ſented me a magnificent home. A
"ſuite of grand apartments ſuperbly
"furniſhed—a train of obedient do-
"meſtics—an agreeable circle of vi-
"ſitors—innumerable and brilliant en-
"tertainments—inſinuating attentions
"from my own ſex, and adulation
"from the other, procured me a life
"of diſſipation and pleaſure. I was
"gay, was complimented with the at-
"tributes of beauty and wit, and my
"portion of both was encreaſed by ad-
"miration. I was every where every
"day. I frequented the public pro-
"menades, the theatres, private aſſem-
"blies, and ſuppers, where I drew a
"train of adorers. The women in-
"vited me and courted me, becauſe
"the men followed me; and they

" flocked round me becauſe I was the
" faſhion.

" Surrounded by a crowd of pro-
" feſſed admirers I was courteous to all,
" particular to none, and thus preſerved
" an unſullied reputation. Amongſt
" the moſt amiable of my numerous
" adorers I reckoned the Viſcount de
" Villeroi. He was handſome, agree-
" able, and univerſally admired and
" courted. The pride of enrolling him
" under my banner had induced me
" to allure him with ſome little trifling
" kindneſſes, calculated to retain him
" with the hopes of greater favors.
" His attentions for a year had amuſed
" my fancy without touching my heart;
" and the chief gratification they ad-
" miniſtered to it was the vanity of
" gaining an admirer, who had been
" one of the moſt devoted to Madame
" de la Beauce. This lady was a diſ-

" tant

" tant relation of the Marquis my huſ-
" band; and, to ſpeak without envy,
" worthy of the celebrity her beauty
" had acquired.—She was, indeed, ex-
" tremely handſome. Our connection
" compelled us to keep up an inter-
" courſe diſagreeable to us both, and
" to aſſume an air of affection inſin-
" cere on either ſide. A haughty de-
" portment and reſerved manners re-
" pelled me from her at our firſt in-
" troduction, and inſpired a diſguſt on
" my part, which ſoon became reci-
" procal, from the conqueſt I obtained
" over the Viſcount de Villeroi, not
" to mention other ſubjects of hatred
" my ſtory will unfold.

" Attended by him I went frequently
" to the grand opera. One Sunday even-
" ing I viſited it in the company of the
" Duke de Rochebonne. He had long
" honored me with marked aſſiduities.

" Soon after I entered my box, I per-
" ceived in an adjoining one the Coun-
" teſs de la Beauce, more vain than ever
" of the attentions of our common ad-
" mirer the handſome Villeroi. Our
" mutual ſalutation was unavoidable,
" but it was reciprocally haughty and
" conſtrained. The abſence of the
" Viſcount had piqued me—his attend-
" ance on Madame de la Beauce offend-
" ed me; and I revenged the affront
" to my charms, by receiving with the
" moſt pointed complacency the aſſidu-
" ities of the duke. Villeroi became
" uneaſy, and could not conceal it;
" perceiving his emotion, and enjoying
" it for ſome time, I at length felt the
" deſire of ſhewing the power I poſſeſſed
" over the Viſcount, and directed a
" winning ſmile towards him, which he
" found irreſiſtable: Attracted by it
" to my box, Madame de la Beauce

" was deſerted, and my triumph com-
" plete.

" I rewarded Villeroi with a thouſand
" gracious condeſcenſions. The duke
" de Rochebonne, hurt by my neglect,
" left me to occupy the Viſcount's place
" near the Counteſs; and I was left
" alone with Villeroi. Nothing could
" exceed his aſſiduities. I looked around
" with an exulting air.—Every eye in
" the theatre was turned on me. The
" regards of an intereſting figure were
" rivetted on mine with an expreſſion
" which particularly attracted and fixed
" my attention. Under the military
" uniform, I recognized in the *parquette*
" of the theatre, the intereſting perſon
" of Chateaufort; and my heart vibrat-
" ed at the recognition. To think of
" him was to remember my reſentment:
" it had ſubſiſted for three years; and
" even at this diſtance of time, armed

me

" me with a coolneſs towards the Che-
" valier, whoſe profound bow I return-
" ed with a ſlight inclination of my
" head.

" Chateaufort turned pale, and the
" dejection of his countenance increaſ-
" ed. Theſe indications of a paſſion
" capable of triumphing over time and
" abſence, were too flattering to be in-
" different to me. I turned my regards
" repeatedly towards the intereſting
" Chevalier, and perceived his eyes fix-
" ed on me with the expreſſion of a
" ſentiment impoſſible to be miſtaken,
" and too natural to be counterfeited.
" The perſuaſion of his tenderneſs
" awakened mine, and as I roſe to
" leave the theatre, I curteſied to him
" with an air that ſpoke my feelings.
" With a ſigh I ſuffered Villeroi to take
" my hand; leading me from the box,
" he eſcorted me down the ſtair-caſe,

and

" and leaving me in one of the rooms
" where the company aſſemble after the
" opera, he went to ſeek my carriage.
" Whilſt he was in ſearch of it, I look-
" ed round and perceived Chateaufort
" advancing towards me. As he ſeized
" my hand, I felt his tremble.

" 'Does the amiable marchioneſs de
" Valmont ſtill honor with her recol-
" lection the unfortunate Chateaufort?'
" demanded he in a ſoft tone; 'It is a
" long time, madam, an age ſince he
" has been favored with a thought,'
" cried he, ſighing.

" 'The Chevalier has no right to re-
" proach any one but himſelf for this,'
" ſaid I, in an accent of diſpleaſure; 'and
" had I forgotten him, it would have
" been his own fault.'

" 'I underſtand you, madam,' re-
" ſumed he, 'and feel that you are of-
" fended, as alas! I feared. I have

" ſought

" ſought you to make my peace with
" you; and to entreat you not to in-
" creaſe the ſeverity of a fate already
" too rigorous without the addition of
" your anger.'

" 'If you imagine I am diſpleaſed
" with you,' cried I, 'and really wiſh
" to be forgiven you will uſe the means
" to obtain my pardon.'

" 'Ah! madam point out the means
" and—'

" 'You will do every thing to obtain
" my forgiveneſs,' interrupted I, ſmil-
" ing.

" 'Every thing, madam.'

" 'Well then, Chevalier, preſent
" yourſelf to-morrow at the hotel de
" Valmont.'

" 'At what time, madam!'

" 'About noon,' replied I.'

" The Chevalier bowed on my hand
" and reſigned it to the Viſcount de

" Villeroi.

" Villeroi. He was ſtill gay, but he had
" ceaſed to pleaſe me. During the re-
" mainder of the evening I was abſent,
" and occaſionally capricious. Villeroi
" attended me home. The Marquis
" was abroad. Supper was ſerved, and
" I ſat down to it *tête à tête* with the
" Viſcount. The encouragement I had
" given him at the theatre, emboldened
" him to attempt freedoms I had never
" permitted. Occupied with the re-
" membrance of the amiable, intereſting,
" and faithful Chateaufort, I found Ville-
" roi impertinent, and even diſagreeable.
" I repulſed his gallantries with coldneſs
" and diſdain. My reſiſtance was the
" firſt he had ever experienced: ſtung
" by it, he proceeded to complaints of
" my ſeverity, and concluded his viſit
" by vowing revenge againſt me. I
" have ſince diſcovered that his purpoſe
" was to mortify me by attaching him-
" ſelf

" ſelf entirely to Madame de la Beauce;
" and that he flew from me to her, in
" order to concert the means of hum-
" bling my pride; which was the beſt
" and perhaps the only mode remaining
" to re-inſtate him in the favor of the
" provoked and irritated Counteſs, who
" deſired nothing ſo much as my humi-
" liation.

" Devoted to the idea of Chateau-
" fort, I retired to my apartment, where,
" as I ſat at my toilette, and arranged
" the jewels with which I had been de-
" corated, in the caſket, I perceived a
" little ring, preſented to me on the
" night of the memorable ball at the
" Chateau de Bellcour, by the Cheva-
" lier. With the remembrance of his
" ſteadineſs, I mingled ſelf-reproaches
" at the conſcioufneſs of verſatility in
" myſelf; and, tying the ring to a rib-
" bon, I ſuſpended it at my boſom with

" a re-

" a renewed ſentiment of affection, which
" enthuſiaſm felt due to the amiable
" Chateaufort, and which ſeemed juſti-
" fied even to decorum.

" Punctual to the hour of my ap-
" pointment, he came on the following
" day, and was ſhewn into my dreſſing-
" room. Riſing from my glaſs, I re-
" clined myſelf on a ſopha, and draw-
" ing a chair cloſe to it, pointed to the
" Chevalier to occupy it. He placed
" himſelf near me.

" An air of ſadneſs rendered him
" wonderfully intereſting. He ſpoke
" little; but all that he ſaid was full of
" ſentiment.

" 'I hope,' ſaid he, 'the Marchion-
" eſs de Valmont has found the happi-
" neſs ſhe merits.' I ſighed. 'The idea
" that you are happy, madam,' conti-
" nued he, 'will diminiſh my wretch-
" edneſs, and—'

" 'Are

" 'Are you then ſo miſerable, Che-
" valier?'

" 'Ah! madam, if you can doubt it,
" you muſt have been inſenſible to the
" ſentiments I have experienced: But
" confeſs, added he, that you had ceaſ-
" ed to think of me at all. Since your
" marriage, madam, I have often been
" bleſſed with a ſight of you. I have
" beheld the ſmile of happy indifference,
" and I have almoſt rejoiced at being
" forgotten.'

" 'I will not allow,' cried I, 'ſmil-
" ing, that you have any right to re-
" proach me.'

" 'I have no right, madam,' inter-
" rupted he, 'and I thank you for re-
" minding me how I ought to addreſs
" the wife of the Marquis de Valmont.'

" 'I ſhall not be guilty of forgetful-
" neſs in future,' reſumed I, pulling out
" the little ring ſuſpended at my bo-
" ſom:

" ſom, ' This, which I will henceforth
" conſtantly wear, will remind me of
" the Chevalier, although he ſhould
" again abſent himſelf.'

" He fixed his eyes on the ring, and
" bending forward, ſeized the ribbon
" and carried it to his lips. At this in-
" ſtant the door opened, and the Coun-
" teſs de la Beauce, and Viſcount de
" Villeroi were announced.

" Their ſcrutinizing and meaningly
" malicious regards confounded me;
" and the Chevalier, evidently embar-
" raſſed, precipitately withdrew.

" ' We intrude unſeaſonably, my
" amiable couſin,' cried Madame de la
" Beauce, with a ſneering tone, look-
" ing indignantly after Chateaufort,
" whoſe profound and diſtant reverence
" ſhe returned with a ſaucy courteſy.

" ' Not at all, my charming coun-
" teſs,' ſaid I; endeavouring to reſume
" my compoſure.

" The

" The converſation which enſued be-
" tween us was full of profeſſions with-
" out ſincerity, and we were each re-
" joiced to be releaſed from mutual
" conſtraint. When my unwelcome
" viſitors roſe to depart, Villeroi ap-
" proached me, and ſaid in a low but
" reproachful tone, 'Adieu, madam: I
" ſhall henceforth ceaſe to perſecute you
" with attentions now become importu-
" nate, ſince a more favored object has
" not my cauſe to complain of your
" coldneſs nor rigor. The happy Che-
" valier de Chateaufort is permitted to
" preſs his lips to your boſom, whilſt
" I dare not even aſpire to ſalute
" your hand, without paying the for-
" feit of beholding you frown upon
" me.

" This ſarcaſm evidently alluded to
" my conduct of the preceding night;
" and was intended to revenge it.

" Perfectly

" Perfectly indifferent to the Viſcount, " the loſs of his aſſiduities did not af- " fect me, although I was mortified at " the triumph of Madame de la Beauce; " but even my regrets on that ſubject " were ſoon forgotten in the ſuperior " affliction of her having baniſhed the " amiable Chateaufort. His abrupt de- " parture had prevented my appointing " another interview, which I ardently " deſired, and had hindered my obtain- " ing his addreſs where I might have " directed a ſummons.

" Impatient of his abſence, I waited " a week in the daily hopes of ſeeing " him. A fortnight elapſed however " without his coming; and I loſt the " expectation of it, in the fears that " he purpoſed to avoid me as he had " hitherto done.

" One evening as I was ſitting alone " in my ſaloon, lamenting his abſence, a do-

" a domeſtic preſented a billet, which
" I haſtily opened, and read as fol-
" lows:

" MADAM,

" The ardent deſire of obtaining a
" pardon eſſential to my peace, induced
" me to truſt myſelf in your preſence,
" and I ſhould ill repay the kindneſs
" which permitted it, were I capable of
" abuſing it.

" Imagine not, madam, I mean to
" cenſure your condeſcenſions toward
" me, ſince they proceed from a purity
" conſcious of innocence, and confident
" of it in others. But, alas! madam
" all are not as virtuous as yourſelf, nor
" alike guileleſs. Madame de la Beauce
" is as inferior to you in mind as in
" perſon, and capable of a jealouſy un-
" known to you. The preſent Coun-
" teſs was formerly Mademoiſelle de la
Motte-

" Motteville, and hates you for your
" ſuperiority. The malignant glances
" ſhe darted on us both the morning ſhe
" found me in your company, aſſured me
" we were each the objects of her aver-
" ſion, from the pique of your having
" uſurped a place in my heart, coveted
" only from envy and vanity; and know-
" ing I cannot behold you with indiffer-
" ence, ſhe will conſtrue every regard
" into meanings unworthy of us both.
" Theſe apprehenſions fortify my reſo-
" lution of abſenting myſelf from your
" ſociety. Alas! madam, I feel I muſt
" not ſee you; but I feel alſo that even
" the abſence to which I doom myſelf
" will cheriſh remembrances inſeparable
" from the exiſtence of

" CHATEAUFORT."

" This billet, without any date of
" time or place, inſpired more uneaſi-

" eſs than comfort. I inſtantly com-
" prehended the hatred of Madame de
" la Beauce, and that I had every thing
" to apprehend from her jealous rage:
" But love ſoon ſilenced prudence, and
" impelled me to deſire a meeting with
" Chateauſort. I ſent for his meſſenger
" and made him mine, to convey a ſpeedy
" reply to the gentleman who had com-
" mitted the note to him at a neighbour-
" ing coffee-houſe. Fearful leſt he
" ſhould already have left it, I ſnatched
" up a piece of paper, on which I haſ-
" tily ſcrawled theſe words.

" ' The Marchioneſs de Valmont
" entreats the honor of ſeeing the gen-
" tleman immediately,' who made the
" bearer of this billet, the meſſenger of
" one this morning.'

" Without waiting to write a ſuper-
" ſcription, I hurried off this ſcrawl,

" and

" and waited the result in anxious ſuſ-
" penſe.

" In leſs than half an hour, I heard
" a light ſtep tripping up the ſtairs; and
" expecting the Chevalier, I ran into
" the anti-chamber to meet his approach,
" where juſt at the archway leading to
" the landing place I encountered the
" Viſcount de Villeroi! In an inſtant
" he was on his knees at my feet. From
" the ſame coffee-houſe where Chateau-
" fort had written, the Viſcount had diſ-
" patched a note of *rendezvous* to Ma-
" dame de la Beauce. This he ſuppoſ-
" ed had been delivered to me in miſ-
" take, and learning from the waiter at
" the coffee-houſe that my note had
" been left for a gentleman by the meſ-
" ſenger he had employed, his vanity
" flattered him with the idea that, jealous
" of his aſſignation with my rival, I had
" invited him to my kindneſs, as much

" to gratify a remaining affection for his
" perſon, as to mortify the Counteſs by
" the diſplay of my ſuperior power.
" Ready to ſacrifice her, whoſe favors
" he had long poſſeſſed, to a paſſion in
" which he had not yet triumphed, he
" inſtantly obeyed the invitation which
" he imagined ſummoned him to my
" feet.

" My ſurpriſe and mortification could
" only be equalled by his; when the
" mutual diſcovery it induced, diſcloſed
" to us each the other's miſtake.

" He concealed not a rage, which
" my indifference augmented; and
" vowing the moſt terrible revenge,
" left me in a ſtate of dreadful diſquie-
" tude reſpecting the ſafety of the Che-
" valier, whom I doubted not of his
" encountering at the coffee-houſe
" which I found they both frequented.

" Diſtracted

" Diſtracted by the cruelest agitation, " I paſſed the remainder of the day in " my own apartment, from which I gave " orders every viſitor might be excluded. " As the exening advanced my terrors " encreaſed. The abſence of light ſeem- " ed to be that of hope and ſafety. All " night I beheld Chateaufort falling by " the ſword of Villeroi. The morning " dawned but hope roſe not with it. " At length I received a billet ſuper- " ſcribed by the hand of the Chevalier. " Courage revived as I beheld the traces " of his pen, which diſcloſed what fol- " lows :

" ' MADAM,

" By an unfortunate miſtake, a note " with which you intended to honor me, " fell into the poſſeſſion of the Viſcount " de Villeroi, who in my preſence dared " to aſperſe your character, whoſe pu-

" rity I was compelled to defend with " my ſword, which has chaſtiſed his in- " ſolence.

" The Viſcount yet lives,—but I muſt " fly.

" My exile will be conſoled, and the " miſery of my abſence leſſened, by the " idea that it will preſerve the immacu- " late reputation of one, whoſe honor " is dearer to me than life.

" Let us both bleſs the neceſſity of " my departure.

" Ah! madam,—I feel I ſhould not " have had power to baniſh myſelf vo- " luntarily from your preſence for any " length of time. Even now trembling " for my perſonal ſafety, I can ſcarcely " diſobey your ſummons. I am prompt- " ed to brave every thing, and bid a " laſt adieu at your feet; but from this " raſh act I am deterred by the fear that " a clandeſtine interview might fully

your

" your reputation, which I would die to
" defend.

" When this reaches you, I ſhall be
" far diſtant.

" Should you, madam, honor me
" with a recollection, remember me
" as a perſon who, in every country
" and ſituation, remains impreſſed with
" the moſt lively ſentiments of reſpectful
" adoration, which will continually en-
" ſhrine your image in the heart of

" CHATEAUFORT."

" Theſe few lines conveyed the laſt
" intelligence of the being who firſt
" poſſeſſed my heart.

" The idea that the incenſed Villeroi
" might, with ſuperior power and intereſt
" have ruined the fortune of the Cheva-
" lier, and that he would probably have
" attempted his life, or deſtroyed his free-
" dom, reconciled me in ſome meaſure,

" to the flight of a man whoſe ſociety " I might have fought at the riſk of my " reputation. Villeroi dared not again " aſperſe it. We avoided each other; " and Madame de la Beauce, in conſe- " quence, either loſt the inclination or " the power of injuring it.

" My ſorrow on the departure of " Chateaufort was extreme; at firſt I " ſecluded myſelf from all company; " but I at length felt the neceſſity of en- " deavouring to bury my regrets in " diſſipation, which is become eſſential " to me; and the death of the Mar- " quis de Valmont, that happened two " years after this event, was the firſt " interruption to a continual round of " amuſement, which could alone call " off my attention from my melancholy " ſituation.

" The deceaſe of my huſband put " me in poſſeſſion of the fortune for which

" I had ſacrificed myſelf. Left at li-
" berty to beſtow it where I would, I
" deſired the power of conferring it on
" Chateaufort. But he, alas! was fled
" to a place unknown.

" The wiſh of diſcovering his retreat,
" and of avoiding the dull decorums of
" pariſian etiquette, which my ſituation
" required, led me to form the deſire
" of leaving my country. I have al-
" ready travelled through part of Ger-
" many without finding the perſon I
" fought. At the court of Wirtemberg
" I received attentions which might
" have detained me, had I not, in the
" courſe of my enquiries, obtained
" ſome intimations that flattered me
" with the hopes of meeting the Che-
" valier in Italy. In my way thither
" circumſtances of a pecuniary nature
" obliged me to ſtop here. In fact I was
" under the neceſſity of waiting for re-

mittances from Paris, and the charms " of your ſociety diminiſh the regrets " of my detention."

I bowed to thank the Marchioneſs for this compliment, with which I perceived ſhe intended to conclude a narrative, calculated to juſtify your opinion of her, and induce me to adopt your ſentiments reſpecting her character. And my friendſhip for you, my beloved Angelica, felt that yours had a claim on my ſincerity, for this hiſtory of a perſon, whom your judgment had ſo exactly penetrated, and juſtly appreciated. I have ceaſed to conſider Madame de Valmont as a delicately ſentimental woman; I no longer regard her as that guileleſs creature, on whom one's affection may confidently repoſe; but as the object of the amiable Chevalier's love, ſhe preſerves a portion of intereſt in my heart.

It

It is ſo deeply affected with your ſituation, my charming friend, that I cannot reſiſt entreating you to give me ſome particulars relative to your affairs. Will you think me too obtruſive, if I requeſt to be informed of your reaſons for ſuſpecting the infidelity of Lord Albion? Aſſure yourſelf, my deareſt Angelica, this apparent curioſity originates ſolely from the wiſh of being uſeful to you. Jealous love, under the influence of actual ſuſpicion, is not ſufficiently calm to judge diſpaſſionately, where miſtruſt may repreſent circumſtances different from their reality.

Excuſe this appearance of preſumption, and let your friendſhip place it to the account of my affection, zealous for your happineſs.

I hope I need not deſire you to rely on my ſecrecy, for I would believe you

are assured of it, and of every other claim you have on the heart of your faithfully affectionate

GERTRUDE.

LETTER XXXII.

From the ſame to the ſame.

Richterſwyl, June 16.

SINCE the diſpatch of my laſt letter to you, my beloved Angelica, a ſubject of extreme uneaſineſs has occurred; which friendſhip impels me to communicate to you, who have ever been ſo deeply intereſted in my happineſs.

My fate, once ſo tranquil, will be perturbed for a time, by an incident which has already coſt me many tears, and may be the occaſion of many more; but I muſt endeavour to reconcile myſelf to a duty which comprehends ſeveral intereſts extremely dear to me.

During

During my father's late excurſion to Baden, he was introduced by Madame de Valmont to Baron Steinbach, who fills an eminent ſituation at the court of Wirtemberg. The Baron had viſited the baths for the recovery of his health; and my father's profeſſional and perſonal merits procured him a powerful intereſt with his new acquaintance; whoſe influence with the reigning Duke of Wirtemberg has obtained the poſt of phyſician to that prince for my father. It is however ultimately to the Marchioneſs we are indebted for this honor, which ſhe had ſolicited from the Baron, and which a letter from him to Madame de Valmont announced his having procured.

This ſituation, ſo ſuperior in eminence and emolument, to that in which my dear father has for many years experienced a train of vexations, is exactly ſuited

ſuited to his elegant taſte and brilliant abilities; and could ſcarcely be rejected with propriety. On the firſt intelligence of it, however, he remained undecided until he had conſulted his family reſpecting his acceptance of it. The Marchioneſs, who inſtantly on the receipt of the letter, ſent for him to communicate the news, repreſented to him all the advantages annexed to the office, but was unable to perſuade him to any deciſion before he had heard our opinions.

My beloved mother, whoſe calm reaſon invariably guides her judgment, could not fail to ſee immediately all the agreeable circumſtances attending my father's promotion. She obſerved to me that he would be removed to a ſituation in every reſpect more ſuitable to him than his preſent one.—"We ſhall no longer behold his countenance clouded

clouded with care and melancholy;" ſaid my mother.

My father's eyes brightened at the opening of a brilliant proſpect.—He took my mother's hand, and tenderly aſſured her it was for her alone he had ever ſuffered. "You deſerved a ſuperior ſituation," added he, "and I have long grieved to ſee your talents and accompliſhments buried in a confinement which precludes all the enjoyments of refined ſociety; and at the ſame time, limits my power of encreaſing my fortune ſufficiently to leave you and our children in the elegant and independant circumſtances it is my duty to procure for you. Theſe tormenting reflections have at times occaſioned an appearance of gloomy diſcontent, which henceforth ſhall never poiſon our domeſtic enjoyments. The ſituation now open to me will give me the delight of preſenting you.

you to a world you are worthy of adorning, and will enable me to lay by a portion of my annual income ſufficient to enſure you a liberal one, when it may pleaſe Heaven to call me from you. This is an indiſpenſible obligation I voluntarily took upon me, when I aſſumed the titles of huſband and father; and I have hitherto lamented my inability of fulfilling it. Perhaps too," added my father, "a removal from theſe dull ſcenes may be the means of reſtoring Auguſtus to himſelf and us;—at any event, if it ſhould not operate this probable change, I ſhall at leaſt have the ſatisfactory reflection of having omitted nothing towards his recovery, and ſhall alſo enjoy the approving conſciouſneſs of having performed the duty of leaving him that independance which his unfortunate ſituation, that prevents his acquiring it for himſelf, renders doubly neceſſary."

The

The ſmile on my dear mother's cheek was bedewed with ſome tears which trickled with a ſigh; it was anſwered by a deeper one that burſt from my father's boſom, and opened the ſource of my tears.—As they fell ſilently, my parents regarded me with tenderneſs; and aſſured me they were ready to ſacrifice every advantage if the idea of a temporary ſeparation from Arminfeld, afflicted me too ſenſibly. This proof of their indulgence penetrated my heart, and filled it with a gratitude I found myſelf unable to expreſs by words. In an attempt to articulate them my voice failed. I ſeized the hands of my revered parents, and carried them with reſpectful affection to my lips, and at length acquired a power to pronounce my animated thanks for their kindneſs; which I ſaid would be but ill requited, unleſs I willingly yielded every ſelfiſh conſideration

ation in return for their generous offer of ſacrificing their intereſts to me.—"These tears," added I, "ſpring from ſeveral ſources, and flow as much from tenderneſs and gratitude as from regret. But they are I hope the laſt you will behold me ſhed on the ſubject of our removal hence."

"My ſeparation from Arminfeld will only be a temporary one.—It will be a leſſon of privation to us both; abſence will prove our mutual attachment and faith, and inſtead of teaching us how to live without each other, will convince us our happineſs is centered only in each other's preſence."

My father preſſed me to his breaſt as I concluded this ſentence; and ſeemed to thank me for having removed the only objection to his acceptance of the flattering offer made by the Baron; and his countenance aſſumed an appearance

of

of content I had ſcarcely ever ſeen him enjoy. My mother's looks reflected the complacency of his; and I participated in their ſatisfaction with the ſweet conſciouſneſs of having contributed to it.

My father recapitulated the advantages annexed to the office he was going to accept.—Such reiterated perſuaſion appeared to imply a doubt of my having willingly acceded to our removal.—I wiſhed to ſpare him the pain of imagining I conſidered myſelf compelled to a compliance with their wiſhes; and interrupted the enumeration of the ſtrong reaſons in favor of his accepting the appointment he was ſolicited to fill. "Ah! my dear father," cried I, "ceaſe to perſuade me as if I wanted conviction of the truths you advance. Your happineſs, my beloved mother's advantage or my amiable brother's recovery, would ſingly be a ſufficient inducement for me to

to preſs your quitting a place, however dear it may be to me. My happineſs is too intimately united with yours to ſubſiſt independent of it. Arminfeld's ſentiments are in uniſon with mine in all things, and in none more ſo than in affection for you each. Do not ſuppoſe we can be unhappy whilſt we are contributing to your ſatisfaction."

My father thanked me repeatedly for my ready acquieſcence in our removal to Germany; and left me to advertiſe Arminfeld of the event, while he expreſſed his acknowledgments to Baron Steinbach, through the Marchioneſs, whom he authorized to announce his acceptance of the appointment her kindneſs had induced her friend the Baron to ſolicit for him.

I had not long to wait the arrival of Arminfeld: On his entrance he perceived the traces of my tears, and tenderly enquired

enquired their cauſe. The pain I was about to inflict on a feeling heart, made mine overflow, while I diſcloſed to him the change in my father's ſituation. Arminfeld, who had long regarded my parents as his own, could not forbear experiencing a ſenſation of pleaſure at their ſucceſs, which was embittered with the grief of anticipating our ſeparation. Whilſt I was endeavouring to conſole him, and reconcile him to an unavoidable event, that might be productive of the greateſt ultimate advantage, he lamented the afflicting circumſtance of our parting, with all the energy that characterizes the moſt enthuſiaſtic affection.

Madame de Valmont's approach interrupted the warm effuſions of Arminfeld's empaſſioned ſoul.

The Marchioneſs's mein was expreſſive of the pleaſure, accompanying the

conſciouſneſs

conſciouſneſs of having performed an act of friendſhip; and in reply to her congratulations on my father's appointment, I felt my acknowledgments due to her as the promoter of our intereſt; and could not avoid the impulſe of thanking her in the warmeſt manner, although Arminfeld's dejected air ſeemed to reproach me for this teſtimony of gratitude.

Henceforth, however, it muſt ever govern my ſentiments towards her, and ſoften my judgment of a character which might have been leſs imperfect in different and happier circumſtances. I feel it would be illiberal and preſumptuous in me, who have been bleſſed with paternal care and the beſt education, to cenſure a perſon whoſe unfortunate deprivation of the firſt, has perhaps been the cauſe of her loſing the ſecond advantage. We are the creatures of education,

cation, and are formed by circumſtances; and it is neither at a public ſeminary nor in a corrupt metropolis, that a female mind can acquire that delicacy which is its greateſt charm.

Let me entreat you, my deareſt friend, to remember with me, that Madame de Valmont has been ſerviceable to my family. Let me requeſt you to bear in mind, that your friend Gertrude's father is indebted to her, for a ſituation worthy of him; and that it will enable him to enjoy an exiſtence hitherto burthenſome to him. That his content will inſure my beloved mother's happineſs, and that eaſe of mind, until now unknown to her, will conduce to the re-eſtabliſhment of her health, which has heretofore been repeatedly impaired by anxiety on my father's account.—Ah! Angelica, I am indeed deeply indebted to the Marchioneſs; and perhaps the reſtoration of

my amiable brother, may yet encreaſe the ſum of my obligations to her.

I muſt endeavour to ſoften Arminfeld towards her. He is enthuſiaſtic in his affections, and equally animated in his averſions. I perceive he does not like Madame de Valmont; but I may yet convince him we are much indebted to her.

Farewel, my charming friend!

Write to me ſoon—as ſoon as poſſible.—and believe me deeply intereſted in your ſituation. I long moſt ardently to hear that Lord Albion and you, my beloved Angelica, are reſtored to each other and to happineſs. My heart aſſures me my Lord is ſtill innocent; and that appearances alone have deceived you.—Once more, my friend, farewel!

LETTER XXXIII.

From Lady ALBION to GERTRUDE.

St. James's Square, June 25.

My ſweet friend!

YOUR two letters of this month are before me; and in my ſolitary ſecluſion, I have leiſure to anſwer them both.

The narrative of my affairs, ſolicited by your friendſhip, ſhall be confided to it by mine. I am convinced you are incapable of abuſing or betraying my confidence; and you alone ſhall poſſeſs it entirely. I will conceal nothing from you; and then, alas! my beloved, mild, and tender Gertrude, with all her indulgence,

dulgence, will be compelled to allow the certainty of Lord Albion's frailty.

That theme will open the ſource of tears, which affliction has already almoſt exhauſted; they will relieve my oppreſſed heart, whilſt it pours its complaints into yours, which ſhall be their only repoſitory.

But before I commence a relation painful to us both, let me haſten to congratulate you, or condole with you, my dear Gertrude; for your ſituation gives occaſion for both. Friendſhip offers condolences mingled with felicitations; and hopes that the latter will overpower with ſweets the bitterneſs of the former.

A mind like yours feels its ſupremeſt felicity in affording it to others.

I imagined it would be impoſſible for me to admire you more or love you better than I already did before I left Swiſſerland; but ſince that period, every

month has added ſomething to your virtue and my affection; which each ſeemed too perfect to admit of encreaſe.

May your future ſituation remove all the uneaſineſs attendant on your preſent one; and may your happineſs equal your deſerts.

Animated friendſhip can wiſh no higher felicity to a being deſerving of the greateſt bleſſings Heaven can beſtow.

Your ſenſe, your conduct, are admirable, my ſweet friend; and your own underſtanding and heart will be your beſt adviſers and guides through life.—To their direction I ſubmit your judgments and ſentiments.

I am much obliged to you for the hiſtory of Madame de Valmont; on which I forbear to make any comments, fearful of hurting your delicate ſenſibility.

Sweet,

Sweet, amiable girl! may your reaſon never be at variance with your feelings, too angelic for this bad world; where they may be liable to the rudeſt ſhocks. Your benevolence will not cenſure my miſanthropy when you are acquainted with my cauſes for adopting it; and eager to juſtify myſelf to your judgment, I am impatient to ſubmit my melancholy ſtory to it.

I have in one of my late letters mentioned a Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer to you, and I think I introduced them as inſignificant negative characters. Alas! I have ſince proved them to be decidedly vicious. My animoſity and rancor cannot exaggerate the deſcription of their depravity, however ſtrongly I may paint it; but in a plain, faithful, and circumſtantial detail of facts, you ſhall judge of them, and of my reaſon to ſuſpect

wrongs that ſpeak too loudly to be doubted.—Let me proceed.

I recollect having mentioned to you that Mrs. Mortimer evidently intended to captivate my Lord. I perceived her allurements without judging their aim too harſhly, or ſuſpecting the poſſibility of his lordſhip's deviating from virtue.

I ſaw Mrs. Mortimer was a coquette: I did not think her abſolutely depraved, nor imagine ſhe was a dangerous woman; and relied on my huſband's rectitude as a guard againſt her diſhonour. I might ſtill have maintained theſe opinions, had it not been for an event which proved to me how greatly I had deceived myſelf, and was deceived by Lord Albion.

Amongſt the round of amuſements in London, a maſquerade does not frequently occur. One at the Pantheon was

was advertiſed this ſpring as uſual. I had never been at one; and conſidering it too licentious and mixed an aſſembly to be agreeable, I told Lord Albion I ſhould not be there. He highly approved my reſolutions againſt it; and diſſuaded me from ever venturing to an amuſement which muſt be unpleaſant, if not dangerous, to a timid and delicate female. And telling me that to attend and protect me, had I wiſhed to go, would have been his only inducement to viſit a diverſion of the kind, he aſſured me he ſhould certainly avoid it. Mrs. Mortimer, who was one of our daily viſitors, happened to be preſent at this converſation.

On the day of the maſquerade, Mr. Mortimer called on me; and his lady dropped in for an inſtant while he was with me. As ſhe left the room, ſhe let her pocket handkerchief fall, which her

huſband picked up, ſaying he would keep it for her; but before he put it into his pocket, he examined a mark at the corner; and telling me he was certain it did not belong to Mrs. Mortimer, threw it on my table.

"You muſt not however leave it here," cried I; "for I dare ſay Mrs. Mortimer came honeſtly by the handkerchief; and that if it ſhould not be her own, ſhe received it in exchange for one."

"Very likely," replied Mr. Mortimer, with a ſignificant glance; "it has however the moſt beautiful mark I ever ſaw, an A worked moſt delicately in cypher."

I ſtarted involuntarily: That was the exact deſcription of a letter I had worked on Lord Albion's handkerchiefs with my hair. He had often admired the elegant idea and execution; and had

had kiſſed the initial of my name, and his own, a hundred times, to ſeal the vow of preſerving theſe tokens of my love till his lateſt hour. And had my perfidious huſband ſo ſoon broken this vow? Was he ſo careleſs of my gifts? And how could one, ſo highly prized but lately, come into the poſſeſſion of Mrs. Mortimer? Her coquetries now inſpired the firſt ſerious alarm of my lord's gallantry. Jealous fears flushed my cheek; yet wiſhing to avoid a diſcovery of the ſuſpicions juſt awakened, I endeavoured to conceal my agitation, and ſpoke of the opera, Ranelagh, concerts, and the maſquerade which was to be in the evening.

"A propos," exclaimed Mr. Mortimer, I almoſt forgot my errand, which was to entreat your ladyſhip to join Lady Charlotte Weſtbury's party at it this afternoon.

I ſhook my head.—"Nay, this is abſolute cruelty," reſumed he, "ſince you can have no inducement to remain at home. Lord Albion to my certain knowledge, has an appointment which will rob you of his ſociety. Indeed I have reaſon to ſuſpect he will be at the Pantheon."

"With whom?" interrupted I haſtily.

"With my wife," replied Mortimer. "I got a ſly glimpſe of a billet of aſſignation from her to my lord; who I am poſitive will not be ſo ungallant as to refuſe attending her, according to appointment, to the maſquerade this evening."

I ſtarted.

"Good God," ejaculated Mortimer, "I am ſorry I have been indiſcreet; but upon my ſoul you muſt excuſe me, for I knew not till this moment you were ignorant of a gallantry with which I have

have long been acquainted. But come let us change the ſubject which affects your ladyſhip too deeply; theſe little affairs are nothing in the gay and faſhionable world.—Let us both forget our wrongs, and remember that *retaliation* is fair, and ſets all right."

Pride now ſuggeſted the impropriety of my liſtening to the traducer of my huſband; and I endeavoured to ſilence Mortimer, by aſſuring him I was too well convinced of Lord Albion's honor to doubt it from impertinent inſinuations.

"Your ladyſhip is determined then to deceive yourſelf," cried he, with a ſarcaſtic ſmile; but were you not wilfully blind, you might ſoon be convinced of my truth, and might diſcover Lord Albion's perfidy. Aſk his Lordſhip to day at dinner, if he means to be at the maſquerade; he will deny his inten-

tion of going; and yet were you to conſent to be there you might ſee him eſcorting Mrs. Mortimer. But it is not my buſineſs to preſs conviction on your Ladyſhip; whoſe anſwer will be impatiently expected by Lady Charlotte Weſtbury. Permit me to aſſure her you will be of her party."

I abſolutely refuſed, and commiſſioned Mr. Mortimer to make my excuſe to Lady Charlotte.

Scarcely able to ſupport myſelf whilſt he was with me, I gave way on his departure to the moſt violent agitation. A hundred different emotions tortured my boſom; one moment miſtruſt led me to fear every thing; the next inſtant confidence in Albion baniſhed every idea injurious to him, and made me feel the bittereſt remorſe for having ſuſpected his honor. Eager to clear it, I diſbelieved every thing that Mortimer had

had told me; and even doubted whether the handkerchief dropped by Mrs. Mortimer belonged to Albion;—I reſolved to convince myſelf, and ſeizing it, ſought the mark: alas! it was my own work. Trembling, I let it fall, while my buſy imagination pictured all I could dread; at length I was rouſed from my painful reverie by the entrance of Lord Albion. I ſtarted as he entered, and trembled as he approached. He took my hand: I diſengaged it from him. Dinner being at that moment announced, prevented the poſſibility of an explanation, and before it could take place, I had time to reflect that it would be better for every reaſon to avoid it. If Lord Albion really were falſe, I could not recover his affection by reproaches; and if he were innocent, they might avert his love for ever. The determination of concealing my ſuſpicions, gave me the power of doing

doing ſo; and nothing in my behaviour betrayed them. During the deſert, I ventured to aſk Lord Albion if he would be at home in the evening: He replied he was afraid not; and enquired what engagement I had. I informed him I had none; and demanded where and with whom his was: to which he anſwered he had promiſed to meet ſome brother officers at a tavern.

I regarded him with a ſcrutinizing look, and aſked if he meant to be abſent a long time.

"Yes, my dear Angelica, I ſhall not be able to return till it is late."

"At what hour may I expect you my lord?"

"Perhaps it may be paſt one o'clock before I can get away, as it will not be poſſible for me to break up the party, however I may deſire it. But aſſure yourſelf, my beloved Angelica, I ſhall be

be impatient to return to you, whom I am forced to leave with regret."

The air of frankneſs and tenderneſs with which he ſpoke, recalled all my confidence: I believed it impoſſible that Albion could deceive me; and, permitting him to take my hand, I preſſed his, telling him I ſhould feel the moments tedious during his abſence.

"And Albion's love, charming Angelica," cried he, "will reckon them with impatience."

"May I expect you to tea my lord?"

"Yes; let it be early."

"Whenever you pleaſe, my dear Albion."

I immediately went into the drawing room, and ordered tea to be brought. My lord ſoon followed me, and aſked me how I purpoſed to amuſe myſelf during the evening.

"Your

"Your library, my dear Albion, is the beſt amuſement I can have while you are from home."

"And are you to be alone, my amiable Angelica?"

"Yes, my lord; I don't expect any body."

His lordſhip then looking at his watch, bid me adieu and departed. The moment I was left alone, I deſcended to the library to beguile the hours with a favorite author. With a book in my hand I ſeated myſelf near a table covered with papers and letters; amidſt the heap I perceived a note torn in pieces, on one of the ſcraps of which I recognized Mrs. Mortimer's ſignature.—I ſtarted at the recollection of what her huſband had aſſured me.—"Heavens! it is then true, and Albion has baſely deceived me!" A powerful, and perhaps mean and diſhonorable impulſe, guided my

my hand to gather up the pieces, and endeavour to connect them. This act, which at a cooler moment I ſhould have anſwered for it, and might have believed I was incapable of attempting, at the time appeared to me an act of juſtice, ſince no one ought to condemn without proofs of conviction; and I beheld them as I thought now within my reach. Thus, as Pope ſays, "we ſet our reaſon by our paſſion."—The ſcraps of the note were too minute to be connected with great accuracy; but ſeveral pieces ſuited each other exactly, and produced the following ſentences.

"My Dear Lord,

"The warmth of my affection for "you, renders me ſolicitous for your fe- "licity, and . . . . . "I . . . . . an appoint- "ment . . . . at the maſque- "rade

" rade . . . . a favored lover
" . . . . . the place of aſſigna-
" tion . . . and if your lordſhip
" will . . . . at ½ paſt . .
" o'clock . . . . . me . .
" the Pantheon, you will have an oppor-
" tunity of con . . . . . .
" . . . . . In me you will
" poſſeſs a . . . . . and affecti
" . . . . who will be . . .
" faithful . . . . . .
" a reputation of the moſt eſſential con-
" ſequence to . . . . . peace
" and honor: my wiſhes and hopes are
" to ſave both yours and . . . .
" ſuſpect . . . . . .
" will . . . . . doubt . . .
" prevent the poſſibility of . . . .
" detecti . . . . . .

" Believe me ever yours moſt faithfully.

" Adieu, my dear Lord, till we meet.

Signed—" E. MORTIMER."

This

This imperfect billet was ſufficient to awaken all my jealous ſuſpicions, and confirm the report of Mortimer. Whilſt I was under their influence, a note was delivered to me from Lady Charlotte Weſtbury, informing me ſhe would take no denial to my making one of her party to the maſquerade; and that my refuſing to come to her and aſſume the dreſs ſhe had prepared would ſeriouſly offend her.

This lady is an amiable, ſenſible, and agreeable woman, whom I value extremely, and ſhould have been concerned to diſoblige. She knew I had no engagement which could excuſe my rejecting her invitation. In her company I ſhould be ſure of protection. If I remained at home I ſhould be a prey to a thouſand tormenting ideas I felt the deſire and even neceſſity of baniſhing. Thus ſituated, there could be no objection

objection to my going to the maſquerade, except my having told Lord Albion I did not intend to go, and that I ſhould remain at home. I had never broken my word to him; but had he not deceived me ſhamefully? Had he not forfeited my affection, and all the claims it gave him to my ſincerity and my love? Theſe could no longer be eſſential to him, ſince the breach of his teſtified mine were no longer valuable in his eyes. A ſhower of tears accompanied this idea.—"Alas! can the injured Angelica diveſt herſelf of regard for Albion?" Yes! the falſe and perjured Albion ſhall be forgotten in gaiety and diſſipation.

I dried my tears; wrote to Lady Charlotte I would attend her; and ordering my carriage, ſtepped into it with the idea of eſcaping from my tortured thoughts. But they accompanied me; and

and before I got to my friend's door, prompted me to return.—To recede, however, was impoſſible. The dreſs her Ladyſhip had procured for me was a nun's habit. Eaſily adjuſted, and grave, it ſuited the diſpoſition of my mind, and ſeemed to enſure my paſſing unmoleſted, and even unobſerved. Our party was large; and we formed a motley group of hay-makers, ſailors, Eaſtern ſultanas, and Spaniſh grandees. I was the only one in a religious habit except Mr. Mortimer, who aſſumed that of a friar.

On entering the Pantheon our company mingled in the throng. A number of eccentric figures gathering round me, attracted my attention and impeded my progreſs; and whilſt I ſtood ſtill, unable to proceed, I perceived myſelf ſeparated from my party by a riotous crowd joſtling about me; many of whom

were

were even impertinent. Some aſked me what buſineſs I had in ſuch a place? Others adviſed me to return to my convent; ſeveral preſſed me to make an aſſignation with them after ſupper; and one, more troubleſome than the reſt, in the dreſs of a harlequin, dared to ſeize me round the waiſt, and threaten to run away with me. At that moment I got a glance of Mr. Mortimer, and beckoning him to me, requeſted him to take care of me. "I have been ſeeking you," ſaid he, "to conduct you to your company; and as we muſt paſs through a buſy throng, I adviſe you to put your arm under mine." I ſoon found this was the beſt means to prevent our ſeparation. Conducted through the thickeſt of the crowd, it preſſed me on every ſide, and occaſioned the heat to be extreme.—This added to the buſtle, the confuſed noiſe, and

and the uneaſy ſtate of my mind, overcame me ſo much, I was ſcarcely able to ſupport myſelf. My conductor perceived how greatly I was exhauſted, and preſſed me to take off my maſk, to prevent my fainting; but although I was apprehenſive of it, I felt a repugnance to diſcover my face in a place where I might be known by many whom I wiſhed not to recognize me in ſuch a ſituation. "Let me then lead you to a quieter and leſs crowded place," cried Mortimer: "I am certain your Ladyſhip cannot encounter the throng you have yet to puſh your way through.—Let me ſeat you in a ſituation where you may get ſome air, and avoid the buſtling multitude."

"O any where that will afford me ſome quiet, till you ſeek our party and requeſt them to come to me."

He

He led me to an apartment in which there was no company; and handing me to a chair, aſſured me I might conſider myſelf in perfect ſafety, and unmaſk while the room was vacant. The exceſſive heat which ſtill oppreſſed me induced me to do ſo; but I had ſcarcely had my maſk off a minute before I was forced to reſume it haſtily in order to conceal my face from the view of ſeveral people who entered. Amongſt thoſe who paſſed backward and forward, a couple placed themſelves in a corner, and ſeemed to ſhrink from obſervation. Mortimer whiſpered to me that it was Lord Albion and his wife; and begged of me to ſpeak under my breath for fear of their diſcovering us by our voices. As I liſtened to theirs, I recogniſed the well-known accents of my Lord and Mrs. Mortimer. Her converſation ſeemed intereſting to Lord Albion,

bion, whoſe manner appeared urgent and even impaſſioned; but he ſpoke in ſo ſoft a tone that I could only catch a few ſyllables, amongſt which the words love, affection, tenderneſs, and conſtancy, were emphatically pronounced.

Diſcovered to me by his voice, he was even more certainly identified by a ring on his finger, which I perceived as he wrapped his domino round him.—The ring was a gem on which I got the cypher A. engraved, and had preſented to him myſelf ſoon after our marriage. Overcome by conflicting emotions, that crowded upon my heart at the ſight of a gift which awakened innumerable ſoft and now painful recollections, I felt the abſolute neceſſity of retiring from the ſcene of my mortification; and deſiring Mr. Mortimer to excuſe my abrupt departure to Lady Charlotte, re-

queſted him to procure a carriage to take me home. It was now about eleven o'clock; and as our coaches had been diſmiſſed, and had not been ordered to the Pantheon till half paſt twelve, I was afraid he would find it difficult to get a conveyance for me. But I imagined that a chair, even without a footman, or a hackney coach itſelf, would be preferable to my remaining at a place with which I was perfectly diſguſted. How bitterly did I lament my viſiting it while I ſat anxiouſly waiting the return of Mr. Mortimer. When he came back, he informed me Lady Charlotte regretted my departure, but would not preſs me to ſtay as I found myſelf indiſpoſed, and the amuſement ſo little to my taſte. He ſaid he could not ſee any of the coaches belonging to our party, and had been obliged to bribe a ſtrange coachman to carry

us home. "The fellow is civil," ſaid he; "and as the chariot belongs to a friend of mine, you need have no ſcruple in employing it." Rejoiced to be releaſed from my painful ſituation, I roſe with alacrity to leave it; and entreated Mr. Mortimer to return to his party, after ſeeing mē to the carriage, as I ſhould feel myſelf perfectly ſafe without the favor of his attendance.

Lord Albion and Mrs. Mortimer had already quitted the room; and I ſaw nothing of them in my way out.

I ſtepped into the chariot to which I was conducted; and was much vexed to find Mortimer determined on accompanying me. He called to the coachman to drive on, and pulling up the glaſſes, threw himſelf back in the carriage. Abſorbed by the afflicting certainty of my Lord's infidelity, I was heedleſs of every thing around me, till

the impatient deſire of getting home to give an unconſtrained vent to my ſorrows, made me perceive I was paſſing through ſtreets quite in an oppoſite direction to St. James's Square. Obſerving to Mr. Mortimer that the coachman had miſtaken his way, I deſired he might be reminded of it. Mortimer aſſured me he was going right; and ſeizing my hand, kiſſed it with an audacity that ſhocked me. There are certain indignities which a delicate woman cannot reſent any otherwiſe than by a dignified ſilence, and contemptuous air. This I aſſumed, and putting down the glaſs, called to the coachman to aſk him whither he was going. The man looked round with an inſolent aſpect, telling me he was going where he was ordered, and inſtantly whipping up his horſes, became perfectly deaf both to my commands and entreaties; and driving

driving up to a tavern, got down to open the door of the carriage. Mortimer immediately ſtepped out and offering me his hand, begged of me to alight. The ſight of a lighted houſe, where I perceived a number of people, inſpired me with the hope of meeting ſome perſon whom I might intereſt to protect me from the inſults of the impertinent Mortimer, of whom I had conceived the utmoſt terror, and whom I now ſuſpected of having formed the blackeſt deſigns againſt me, and of having bribed the coachman to be his accomplice. Delighted to eſcape from their immediate power, and apprehenſive of their carrying me to a ſtill more improper place, were I to refuſe entering that to which they had conducted me, I ventured into the tavern, and ſeeing a female at the bar, I requeſted her to ſhew me into a private apartment,

until ſhe procured a chair to convey me home, as a ſudden fright had obliged me to leave my carriage. The woman who at firſt ſeemed aſtoniſhed by my entrance and addreſs, dropping a courteſy, requeſted me to follow her, and leading me up ſtairs, conducted me into a decent room, aſſuring me ſhe would ſend for a chair immediately. The courage that had actuated me to extricate myſelf from the dilemma into which Mortimer's villany and my own thoughtleſſneſs had brought me, now forſook me, on beholding myſelf in a ſtrange houſe with the audacious wretch who could baſely bring himſelf to inſult an unprotected woman. The inſtant the door of the apartment was cloſed, he fell at my feet, uttering a rhapſodical ſpeech of love and adoration, to which I paid not the leaſt attention; but, putting on the ſevereſt look I could aſſume, I demand-

ed

ed how he dared to inſult me in the manner he had that night done. Without waiting his reply, I ſaid in a harſh tone, and with an impreſſive accent, "I am obliged to you, ſir, for having diſcovered to me that you are as unfit for my ſociety as Mrs. Mortimer. You will not be ſurpriſed at my refuſing henceforth to admit either of you into my houſe."

"O! your ladyſhip is cruel and unjuſt, and I conjure you to reverſe your ſentence. Let me entreat you not to condemn me for a crime of which your ladyſhip alone is culpable. Your irreſiſtable charms have impelled me to an act which prudence might term raſh and daring, but which love muſt conſider the ſtrongeſt proof of adoration. Ah! Lady Albion, you behold at your feet the humbleſt of ſlaves, whoſe paſſion your kindneſs ought to reward. Have

I not ſhewn you how groſsly your lord deceives you, and how unworthy he is of your affection? If I fail to move you by my ſupplications, let jealous pride avenge your wrongs on your deceitful lord. What claim has he on your vows, having broken his own?"

"I command you, ſir," cried I, indignantly, "to ceaſe your audacious addreſſes to me, and your impertinent reflections on Lord Albion, to whoſe defamation his wife will never tamely liſten. Know, ſir, that if I could ceaſe to reſpect my lord, I could not forget the reverence I owe myſelf, nor feel that the breach of his Lordſhip's vows leſſened the obligation of my own. But wherefore do I condeſcend to ſpeak to you, whoſe depravity, and diſhonorable conduct, ſink you even beneath my contempt? To deſpiſe you, ſir, would be to remember you, who merit nothing but my forgetfulneſs."

"And

"And is it thus Lady Albion ſpurns the ſuppliant Mortimer," reſumed he, riſing from his knees: "Remember, madam, you are in my power, and tremble to raiſe my indignation; not only you, but Lord Albion alſo, may become the object of my offended vengeance. He has injured my honor, and the laws of ſociety inveſt me with the right of chaſtiſing him. To-morrow—in a few hours, his forfeit life may pay the penalty of his crime. But, remember, that your kindneſs may avert the murderous weapon of my wrath from his breaſt."

"Lord Albion himſelf," interrupted I, "would deſpiſe a life purchaſed by my diſhonor. No, ſir, Lady Albion will make no terms with infamy. The wife of the brave Lord Albion will truſt his life to his own approved courage;

and ſcorns with him to tremble at the cowardly threats of a villain."

I now rung the bell, as much to ſummon aſſiſtance, as to enquire for the chair I had ordered. At that inſtant a waiter appeared, informing me it was in readineſs; and without ſtopping a moment, I hurried out of the room after him. The mean deteſtable Mortimer was ſurpriſed at my ſpirited reſiſtance, and ſhrunk before it; as he followed me down the ſtairs, he muttered curſes at having failed in his attempts, and, drawing cloſe to me, ſaid in a low voice, "Recollect, madam, that although you have eſcaped me, your reputation is ſtill in my keeping, and let that remembrance ſeal this tranſaction with the ſtamp of ſecrecy. If you ever mention my having attended you at the maſquerade, ever divulge the conſequent occurrence, I

ſhall

ſhall make additions you will not be able to refute."

"Remember, however, ſir," replied I with firmneſs, "that guilt ſhrinks before innocence, and falſhood before truth."

As I concluded this ſentence, I ſeated myſelf in the chair, and ordering the men to St. James's Square, I arrived there in perfect ſafety. The perturbation of my ſpirits ſubſided in ſome degree on finding myſelf at home; and retiring to my dreſſing-room, I diſmiſſed my maid, and burſt into a paſſion of tears. I thanked Heaven for having protected my innocence, whilſt I wept over the loſs of Albion's; but in ſupplicating for his pardon, I felt peace ſtealing on my heart. The clock had already ſtruck one; but I was unfitted for repoſe, and taking up a book I endeavoured to read in order to compoſe my thoughts; I

was unable to fix them on aught but the faithleſs Albion. I had reaſon to expect him home; it was already ſeveral hours ſince I had ſeen him evidently prepare to leave the maſquerade. I imagined he would not be ſo imprudent as to ſtay till a late hour with Mrs. Mortimer, as that might riſk a diſcovery. I could no longer credit the pretended engagement to ſupper, which I too plainly perceived had been a mere excuſe for his abſence from home, and was fabricated to deceive me. I wiſhed to avoid the guilty regards of my faithleſs huſband, and retired to bed. Sleep fled my pillow; the clock ſtruck two; Albion returned not: ſentiments of jealouſy gave way to thoſe of terror; I remembered the threats of Mortimer, and ſhuddered at the apprehenſion that perhaps he had encountered my lord, whom my fear repreſented wounded by his rage. Ah! heavens!

heavens! let not my wrongs be puniſhed thus," ejaculated I: "Protect the life of my once loved Albion, though he no longer lives to me." I claſped my hands in an agony of grief. Tears accompanied this fervent prayer, which was diſturbed by a knock at the door, that announced the arrival of my lord. In leſs than an hour, I heard him come up ſtairs and approach my chamber. I feigned ſleep in order to ſhun his view. Thrice he ſtopped in the paſſage to my room, and thrice he turned the lock before he opened the door; it ſeemed as if conſcious guilt feared to meet my ſight; at length he advanced with ſilent caution; he ſtood a moment gazing at me, and then ſaid to himſelf in a ſoft voice, "Thank God! ſhe ſleeps: Alas! Angelica, how could thy huſband have met thy regards this night! Still—yes! ſtill am I ſenſible to thy beauty, and ſtill

do

do I think thee irreſiſtably lovely; but —Oh! God,—let me avoid the recollection of what is paſt and can never be recalled; and let me in ſleep, or rather in eternal oblivion, ſteep the conſciouſneſs of my—." Here a deep drawn ſigh choaked his utterance; I heard him ſtrike his forehead with violence, and then exclaim, "Ah! Angelica, how has thy unſuſpecting innocence been deceived! How haſt thou been betrayed!

"Where was this night the guardian of our wedded vows, and our mutual affection and felicity?

"The firſt have been impiouſly broken, and the latter is, alas! fled forever. Never henceforth can the boſom of Albion know that peace which he would give worlds to purchaſe. Sleep, ſleep on, Angelica. Ah! never may thy ſlumbers be diſturbed by the wretchedneſs which will baniſh my repoſe. Hereafter

after in wine and diſſipated pleaſures I will drown the remembrance of what I once was. Pleaſures! ah! pleaſure is only in the arms of Angelica; but,—no,—delicacy muſt baniſh me thence for ever!"

He ſighed; and leaving my room, deſcended to his library. Ah! how did my heart beat with the complicated ſenſations excited by this free confeſſion of his own frailty, my wrongs, and his nice ſenſe of delicacy. He has forfeited his own eſteem, and is plunged in miſery. The greateſt torment to a mind naturally virtuous is the conſciouſneſs of error. Whilſt I lament that of Albion, I reſpect his refinement of ſentiment, which this unreſerved parley with his conſcience diſcloſed. It has ſufficiently explained his late conduct. His continual abſence from home, his reſerve towards me, could not be ſurpriſing after my diſcoveries.

veries. My behaviour towards him is conciliating rather than repulſive, but it has not yet had the power of reſtraining him from thoſe exceſſes to which he was formerly averſe.

On the morning after the maſquerade I excuſed myſelf from breakfaſting with Lord Albion, who I preſume was equally pleaſed as myſelf to avoid an interview *tête à tête*.

We now meet more in company than alone, and politeneſs has become a ſubſtitute for confidence.

A few days after the fatal night, Mrs. Mortimer had the impudence to call on me, and the ſtill greater effrontery to wear in my preſence the ring I obſerved on my lord's finger at the maſquerade, and which ever ſince that time I miſſed from his hand. To ſee him lay it aſide hurt me, but it wounded me ſtill more to ſee it in the poſſeſſion of a creature who

who purchaſed it by means which has murdered my happineſs.

My reception of Mrs. Mortimer was too forbidding to induce her to repeat her viſits.

The villain Mortimer has written to me; I preſume to entreat forgiveneſs; but I am ignorant of the contents of his letter, as I returned it unopened. He certainly expected I ſhould admit him into my preſence again, as he has called repeatedly. I am denied to every body but my mother, therefore it was needleſs to except his admiſſion.

He knows, alas! my unprotected ſituation. Deſerted by Lord Albion, there is no being on whom the unfortunate Angelica can call for the chaſtiſement of a villain, whoſe importunity diſturbs that ſecluſion which is the only alleviation to her miſery.

And

And now, my beloved friend, after this faithful narrative of events and circumſtances, can you continue to doubt my cauſe of ſuſpicion? But why do I term that ſuſpicion which is a certainty too plainly proved!

Pity and conſole your unfortunate friend, over whoſe hapleſs fate I am ſure your tenderneſs will ſhed many tears. Mine will flow in ſympathy at the remembrance of your ſeparation from the amiable Arminfeld. Yet what are your griefs to thoſe which oppreſs my heart? Ah! Gertrude may yours never experience a ſorrow ſimilar to that I now feel. Moſt charming of girls, adieu.

LETTER XXXIV.

From GERTRUDE to Lady ALBION.

Ritchterſwyl, July 4.

YOUR intereſting letter, moſt beloved, and moſt amiable of friends, has this morning reached me, and the tendereſt ſympathy has accompanied you through every event of the affecting narrative. Never did I experience deteſtation of a fellow-creature, till I heard your account of the Mortimers; but,—enough of them.

With the deſire of conſoling you, I feel the neceſſity of diverting your thoughts from the ſubject of your ſorrows;

rows; and mine, light in compariſon, ſhall now become my theme.

The idea of our approaching removal hence occaſions a dejection I can ſcarcely conceal; but the reflection of my obligations to appear chearful, give me powers proportioned to the greatneſs of my objects. Have I not told my father he would ſee me depart without a tear? Did I not aſſure my mother, her advantage and my brother's induced me even to wiſh a removal from this place? And have I not promiſed the ſorrowful Arminfeld, that my fortitude would ſupport his? Each day as I behold the ſun riſing over the majeſtic mountains of my native home, I repeat theſe obligations to myſelf, and ſupplicating heaven for a freſh ſupply of ſtrength of mind, I feel the power of refraining from diſturbing the tranquillity of thoſe who gather it from mine; yet as the enlivening orb of day

ſinks

ſinks behind the magnificent ſcenery ſurrounding the lake of Zurich, I drop a ſilent tear of regret into the peaceful waters that waſh the ſhores I am ſo ſoon to leave, and while nature repoſes, my buſy thoughts wake in dreams of ſadneſs.

Arminfeld, at firſt almoſt diſtracted at the idea of our ſeparation, has aſſumed a compoſure I had deſpaired of his acquiring. I have at length ſucceeded in diminiſhing, perhaps entirely removing, his diſlike of Madame de Valmont. He even acknowledges our obligations to her, and liſtens calmly while ſhe ſpeaks of our departure.

To day we are invited by him to a collation at a houſe about half a league diſtant. It is at preſent unoccupied, but has juſt been fitted up and furniſhed for the reception of a friend of his, who permits him to entertain us there.

The

The Marchioneſs, who is to be of our party, is already come; and calls me away.—Adieu, my friend, till I can reſume my pen, for which pleaſure Gertrude's friendſhip will be impatient.

One o'clock in the morning.

The entertainment is over. Midnight is already paſt. The inhabitants of our houſe are gone to reſt; and I have retired to my chamber, where the occurrences of this day ſtill preſs on my thoughts, and create an agitation that repels repoſe, and, unable to indulge it, I purpoſe to employ the preſent hours in detailing an account of thoſe juſt elapſed, perſuaded that the friend of my heart will take an intereſt in the relation almoſt equal to my own.

As the weather was remarkably fine to-day, we all agreed to walk to the place

place whither Arminfeld was to conduct us. The ſky, was beautifully ſerene, the ſun was bright, but a gentle breeze prevented exceſſive heat, and murmured through the ruſtling foliage of the umbrageous trees that ſhaded our way up the mountain. Our road wound round rocky cliffs, whoſe precipices were covered with buſhes, and whoſe ſummits were crowned with hanging woods that embowered our path. After a delightful walk up this romantic road we arrived at a ruſtic gate. Arminfeld opened it, and led us into a charming garden, in the midſt of which we perceived a ſmall and elegant habitation, ſequeſtered amongſt diverſified ſhades of luxuriant trees, and oderiferous ſhrubs. The houſe was white, built in the ſimple ſtile of a cottage. Some of its lattices were nearly concealed by mantling ivy, whoſe dark green contraſted admirably with the

the tender verdure of the clinging woodbine, the creeping jeſſamine, and the wreathing vine, which mingled their different hues as they entwined their branches round the trellis work that formed a pavillion at the entrance of the rural dwelling. The ruſtic columns ſupporting this pavilion were almoſt covered by the encircling foliage which hung between them in rich feſtoons. The pavement was compoſed of various marbles curiouſly inlaid; and a profuſion of roſes in high bloom, growing round it, perfumed the air, mixing their fragrant breath with the ſcent of the full-blown honey ſuckle, and the ſweet jeſſamine, juſt beginning to flower.

Here we found a repaſt ſpread for us, equally rural as the dwelling. All the fruits of the ſeaſon, in the higheſt perfection, tempted us to taſte their delicious flavor, while the ſtores of the dairy

ſeemed

ſeemed to vie with the produce of the orchard.

"I will not invite you to this board," cried Arminfeld, "until you have honored me by partaking of a leſs ſimple fare, which I have deſired to be prepared for your refreſhment in an upper apartment." He paſſed on and conducted us through an octagon veſtibule up an elegant flight of ſteps, which opened through folding-doors into a ſpacious room. The oppoſite ſide of this apartment formed a great portion of a circle with five Venetian windows, commanding as many different views. From this elevated ſituation, we looked down on the neighbouring village of Richterſwyl, ſeated on the border of the tranſparent lake, whoſe clear waters reflect the beauties of its delightful banks. I gazed with pleaſure on the neat houſes of my native village, emboſomed in wood

at the foot of the lofty mountains, ſurrounded by rich fallows and fertile paſtures, and overhung by foreſts of pines; and beheld all its well-known pleaſant walks formed along the ſhores of the lake, and winding through ſhady groves and cluſters of fruit trees, up to the very ſummit of the adjacent hills. We had an entire view of theſe hills, covered with vineyards, intermixed with meadows and fields, where herds of cattle ſtrayed, orchards, groves, and thickets, with innumerable little hamlets, churches, villas, and cottages, ſcattered up and down the ſcene. Our eyes ſtretched over an extenſive and magnificent amphitheatre, comprehending the view of the higher part of the lake four leagues in extent, which preſents a beautiful proſpect of jutting points of land, detached aytes, the little town of Rapperſchwyl built on the ſide of a hill, and a bridge reaching from

from one ſide of the lake to the other; beyond the town the ſpacious valley extends in a ſemicircle, and upon the foreground riſes a peak of land, which ſwells into delightful hills. Behind them, at the diſtance of about half a league, is a range of mountains, the rugged acclivities of which exhibit the barren rock through whoſe clifts the wild ſhrubs peep, and the bruſh-wood ſhoots its tangled branches; theſe rough ſteeps are here and there contraſted by ſlopes of poliſhed verdure, ſhaded by clumps of trees, and interſperſed with villages and detached houſes, beyond which are diſcovered the majeſtic alps, twiſted one among the other, and exhibiting alternately ſhades of intermingled purple and azure. In the back ground of all, high rocks rear their turreted peaks, crowned with eternal ſnows, whoſe towering ſummits intercept the paſſing clouds.

Struck by the view of this enchanting and incomparable ſcene, I ſtood gazing on it, enraptured by a proſpect comprehending all the various beauties of the fair creation. I contemplated at one glance the ſocial haunts of men, a wide expanſe of water covered with barks of commerce (heavily laden, and paſſing ſlowly, while the ſwiftly ſcudding ſkiff of the induſtrious fiſhermen ſkimmed lightly along), the richly cultivated vallies ſmiling with abundant harveſts, the woody hills covered with herds of grazing cattle, numerous flocks, and the goats browzing on the ſhrubby precipices over which the Shamoy ſwiftly bounded; while theſe ſoft and ſylvan ſcenes were terminated by high, barren, abrupt, and ſolitary mountains, on whoſe ſtupendous craggs bleak winter frowns with all its rigor, over the fertile vallies where ſummer ſmiles in all its luxuriance.

Whilſt

Whilſt I contraſted the ſweet view of my native land with the rude aſpect of its alpine boundaries, that ſeparate it from the countries beyond them, my heart ſunk at the idea of what I was about to leave at home, and what I might encounter diſtant from it;—a ſigh accompanied the melancholy reflection, and I was forced to wipe away a tear that ſtarted at the affecting thought of quitting my country for a foreign territory. But quickly the recollection of the inducements that called me hence, renovated my ſinking ſpirits, and a returning calm permitted my aſſuming the ſmile of compoſure, ſuch as beamed from every eye around me.

The looks of Arminfeld were particularly animated, his manner uncommonly touching; the genius of elegance ſeemed to preſide over them, and the moſt refined ſenſibility appeared to dic-

tate his converſation.—In fine, his every regard, geſture, and word, ſeemed to be under the dominion of a ſentiment too lively to be concealed.

Whilſt my eyes were yet rivetted on the enchanting proſpect I had ſome time contemplated, Arminfeld approached me and ſaid, "Will the admirable Gertrude's heart accept the ſilent homage of mine, while that of ceremony compels me to pay forms of polite reſpect to her ſuperiors in years though not in charms? The amiable mother of my Gertrude claims my right hand, which duty and a filial affection willingly offer, and the matronly rank of the Marchioneſs de Valmont commands my left hand, which propriety muſt preſent to her, while your maden lovelineſs ſhall be the object of my tendereſt attentions."

Saying this, he led my mother and Madame de Valmont to a table covered with meats of various kinds, and the choiceſt

choiceſt wines; while his incomparable grace bid my father and me welcome to this feaſt, which ſeemed almoſt a fairy banquet.

My father's converſation was, as uſual, full of ſenſe and information; my mother ſpoke with elegance and ſentiment; the lively Marchioneſs talked with volatility, giving conſequence to trifling ſubjects, and with a vein of comicality, giving neat turns, reſembling wit, to ſentences which excited a general ſmile; while the engaging Arminfeld appeared to have the ability of adapting himſelf with the utmoſt eaſe to the different turns of his gueſts, who each might have been led to believe themſelves the perſon whom his aſſiduities particularly diſtinguiſhed.

At length, Arminfeld reminded us the deſert waited us in the pavillion; and riſing gracefully, conducted us thither; where the cooing of turtle doves,

and the wild notes of innumerable birds, warbling in ſweeteſt ſtrains, formed a delightfully harmonious and melodious concert. Having attended to it for ſeveral hours, we viſited the ſeveral apartments of the charming dwelling; and every where had occaſion to admire the judicious arrangement and convenience of the whole. The furniture, ſimple, ruſtic, and yet elegant, was exactly ſuited to the habitation.

None of the rooms pleaſed me more than that fitted up in the gothick ſtile, for a library. The ſhelves were beautifully ornamented, and all the caſements compoſed of ſtained glaſs, admitted through the vivid tints a party-coloured light correſponding with the dark appearance of the apartment; whichſeemed to compoſe the mind to ſtudy and reflection. I felt enraptured with this room; and dwelt enthuſiaſtically on the

taſte

taſte that had preſided at the arrangement of it. But Madame de Valmont found the excluſion of all proſpect and a bright light too gloomy to pleaſe. She was the only one of the party who found any fault with this delightful reſidence. As we ſtrayed in the evening through the ſequeſtered walks ſurrounding it, ſhe objected to their wildneſs, and to the ſecluſion of the ſituation, reverting with regret to the canals, parterres, and terraces of her native country. Sighs accompanied the remembrance of it: Moved by her viſible and ſudden dejection, I ſaid, "I truſt, madam, you will not have cauſe to lament your abſence thence much longer."

"Alas!" cried ſhe, "what is there in it now intereſting to me?"

I inſtantly recollected the Chevalier; and was apprehenſive of having touched on a ſubject that awakened too many

affecting ideas; but I was happy to ſee the Marchioneſs in a few minutes reſume the ſmile of vivacity as we deſcended an embowered path that ſerpentined through a thicket. Our conductor Arminfeld led us through the wilderneſs to a cavern in the mountain; the entrance to it was a rude and groteſque arch, overſhadowed by picturesque trees; it was formed of rugged ſtones roughly cemented, ſome of them bare and others overgrown with moſſes and weeds; over which ſtraggling branches of briar and underwood, twined in phantaſtic wreaths. The inſide of the cave had been ornamented as a grotto; the uneven concave of which exhibited numberleſs curious foſſils. Variegated and tranſparent ſparry cryſtallizations gliſtened among the ſparkling ores of the mineral kingdom, and a variety of ſhining ſhells, and lucent corals of different hues, diſ-

played

played the wonders of the ſubterranean world.

On entering this retreat, we reſted awhile liſtening to the tinkling of a rill, that purled from a cold and pure ſpring iſſuing out of the rock in a remote part of the grotto; where, collected from the fountain, it ſpread into a limpid bath flowing over a pebbly bottom. As we ſat here to enjoy the evening zephyrs, the ſoft murmur of a neighbouring caſcade, added to the idea of the refreſhing coolneſs of the cave, which echoed the whiſpers of the breeze, and reſounded the daſhing of the adjacent water-fall. In ſearch of it we purſued a wild ſequeſtered path winding down the declivity of the mountain; and ſoon reached a moſs-grown ſeat, whence we beheld the cataract precipitate its gliſtening current from rock to rock, and ſparkling as it tumbled over the rugged

ſtones which had fallen from the ſteep impending cliffs; their broken craggs were covered with luxuriant herbage, and thick bruſhwood, whoſe entangled branches waved over the ſhining ſpray as it ſprinkled and refreſhed their verdure. An alpine bridge was thrown over the chaſm, down which the mountain torrent ruſhed: and our path leading thither we aſcended to it; and hanging over its rude timbers for ſome minutes, contemplated the caſcade below; that, after daſhing with impetuous force down the rocky channel, and foaming round the huge ſtones impeding its courſe, glided on with a rapid, dimpled, and ſilvery ſtream through the deep glen; where ſometimes concealed by the thickets that fringed its banks, and ſometimes ſeen winding its courſe amidſt verdant glades, it meandered through the fertile valley beyond; and, reflecting

ing in its glaſſy ſurface the azure vault above, ſtole in ſilence to the ſtill and tranſparent lake of Zurich.

While we ſtood on the brow of our lofty mountain, to view the rich, variegated, and extenſive landſcape, the ſmooth and peaceful waters of the lake glowed with the empurpled tint of evening; the weſtern horizon bluſhed with a vermil hue, and the refulgent luminary of day edged the clouds with brighteſt ſaffron, and, ſinking behind the towering mountains, tinged their ſnow-crowned turrets with golden rays.

Dun twilight at length began to envelope the wide extent of proſpect in miſty obſcurity; yet we could diſcover the majeſtic Ezelberg near its ſtupendous ſummit, concealed in foreſts of dark green firs, and the ſteeple of a village church, hanging on its declivity, glitter

glitter with the yellow rays of the ſetting ſun.

As we purſued our way back through the wilderneſs, the feathered choir haſtened to ſeek a ſoft repoſe within their downy neſts, all nature ſeemed huſhed to peace, nothing diſturbed the ſilence of evening, except the zephyrs, ſighing through the ruſtling trees, and breathing the balmy fragrance of the ſhrubs and flowers, refreſhed by the ſweet dew, and ſcattering on the fluttering wings of gentle gales the moſt odoriferous perfumes.

Reaching the houſe as the laſt bluſh of light faded into duſky night, we were ſtruck by a brilliant illumination. The pavilion at the entrance was decorated with feſtoons of coloured lamps, ſuſpended between the columns, and ſpirally encircling them, to intermingle their variegated radiance with the verdant wreaths

wreaths of vine, jeſſamine, and woodbine; whoſe luxuriant and trembling foliage ſeemed almoſt tranſparent, as the pliant branches waved over the bright quivering blaze of the many coloured lamps that appeared like cluſters of emeralds, rubies, ſaphires, topazes, amethyſts, and diamonds, ſparkling in the ſun's refulgence. The roſe-buſhes blooming around, ſeemed to glow with more vivid tints than by day; and ſcented the air whilſt they contributed to the gaiety of the ſcene; which was light, feſtive, and apparently the effect of enchantment.

The amiable Arminfeld ſeemed to delight in our agreeable ſurpriſe; and on our aſſuring him we believed him to be a magician, he told us with a moſt engaging gaiety, that his power was infinitely inferior to that of the fair enchantreſſes, whom he had then the honor

nor of calling his gueſts; and to whoſe preſence the ſcene was indebted for all its magical effect.

"May I entreat you, amiable ſorcereſs," cried he, bowing to me, to favor us with the diſplay of ſome of your powers of charming? If you will be ſo obliging as to lead the way to the ſaloon above ſtairs, you will there find an inſtrument that, touched by your hand, will encloſe us in a magical circle from which we ſhall be unable to move until you pleaſe to diſſolve the ſpell that might enchant us round you for ever."

"We muſt not refuſe any of a magician's entreaties while we are in his power," exclaimed Madame de Valmont laughing, "therefore let us all be obedient."

"As for me," cried I, "it would be imprudent indeed to dare a contradiction of wills more judicious, and powers greatly

greatly ſuperior to mine; and feeling the impoſſibility of oppoſing thoſe of the Marchioneſs, I am ready to comply with every thing ſhe commands."

"Lead the way up ſtairs then, my amiable child," ſaid ſhe, ſmiling.

Arminfeld bounded forward with a light ſtep, and I followed him through the veſtibule, and up the ſtairs, both of which were brilliantly lighted. The circular apartment was ſuperbly illuminated by a range of lamps ſuſpended from the cornice, and continued round each window,—wreaths of leaves and a variety of flowers were fancifully diſpoſed in feſtoons on the walls. Over a ſopha at one end of the ſaloon, a canopy of muſlin, taſtefully drawn into drapery, and wreathed about with rich garlands, formed a kind of throne before which ſtood an elegantly decorated harp. The initials of my name, traced in roſes, above

above the ſeat plainly indicated for whom it had been deſigned; and my heart acknowledged the homage of the amiable Arminfeld's.

While I ſtood gazing on the fairy ſcene his exquiſite taſte had created, he approached me; and, preſenting his hand to conduct me to the ſopha, ſaid in a ſoft tone, "Will the moſt charming of muſicians favor us with a few of thoſe heavenly airs which have ſuch infinite power over my heart?"

"I feel," replied I, giving him my hand," that you have a right to expect ſmall favors after conferring great ones. The pleaſure your taſte has this evening procured us is infinitely greater than my muſic can give. The readineſs, however, with which it will be executed may render it pleaſing: and my wiſhes will be gratified in complying with yours."

As

As I ſaid this, I ſeated myſelf under the canopy, and running over the chords of the inſtrument in an extemporary ſimphonious prelude, modulating into various keys, came to a cadence in E, and dropped into a touching air of Guglielmi's; the words of which begin with "*Io ſono in ſelva amena, un Amarilli in ſeena,*" &c. My father, mother, and Arminfeld ſmiled at the appropriation of the ſentiment to my ſituation. The apparent delight with which they liſtened to my ſong, whilſt I ſwept the ſtrings of my harp in ſoft accompaniment, the dazzling luſtre of the illumination, the bright tints of the flowers around me, and the perfume they exhaled, wrapt me in enthuſiaſm, which inſpired my muſic with ſentiment, and addreſſed it to the heart. Mine, ſoftened by the affecting melody of the expreſſive ſtrains, felt every word of the

poet

with ſovereign authority. My muſic waits your pleaſure, madam," added I, bowing towards her.

With a complacent ſmile, ſhe permitted Arminfeld to lead her through the phantaſtic changes of the dance, to which his ſportive air, throwing his elegant figure into the eaſieſt attitudes, and his light and agile ſteps, gave an inimitable grace.

Madame de Valmont tripped the almand with a gaiety of countenance and a vivacity of motion that delighted even more than gracefulneſs itſelf; and prevented our wiſhing it to be ſubſtituted in the place of a ſprightlineſs, perhaps, ſomewhat oppoſed to it.

The dance concluded with plaudits, which the performers acknowledged with a general ſalutation, while the apartment rang with reiterated praiſes. The Marchioneſs warmly joined in thoſe beſtowed

beſtowed on Arminfeld; who elegantly turned the compliment from himſelf to his amiable partner and myſelf, by aſſuring her he muſt have been indebted to her enlivening air, and my inſpiring harmony, for the powers of pleaſing that our indulgence attributed to him.

"Oh! I perceive you are quite a courtier," cried Madame de Valmont, tapping his ſhoulder with her fan, and ſmiling archly at me, while ſhe demanded if I did not think him admirably polite.

"In your ſociety madam," replied I, "he muſt improve in politeneſs; ſince your manners are calculated to poliſh even thoſe who are by nature uncourteous."

"Ah! my little friend, you are even a greater adept in the art of flattery than he of whom we ſpeak."

"I muſt

"I muſt beg leave to refute theſe heavy charges of the Marchioneſs," cried Arminfeld, "whoſe modeſty alone can perſuade her that thoſe who compliment her intend to flatter."

"I aſſume the office of judge in this cauſe," interrupted my father, gaily, "and I muſt pronounce that the defendants are fully proved to be falſely accuſed by the plaintiff; who will not I ſuppoſe, after ſuch an able defence, endeavour further to ſubſtantiate her charges."

"And I, as evidence and council," ſaid my mother, "adviſe the Marchioneſs never to bring ſo bad a cauſe again into any court; ſince every where on trial, judgment muſt be given againſt her."

"We muſt always ſubmit to the deciſion of the judge," cried Madame de Valmont, laughing, "I muſt, however, be

be perfectly ſatisfied with his ſentence againſt me, ſince it is infinitely more honorable to have loſt this cauſe than to gain it."

With an unceaſing vivacity, ſhe diſcourſed on ſeveral other ſubjects; and that of France at length occurring, abſorbed her in cloſe conferrence with my amiable parents, who were acquainted with many things and perſons that now became their theme. The tender Arminfeld, leſs intereſted in it, gently drew me towards one of the windows, whence we beheld the wide-ſtretching proſpect faintly marked by argentine moon-beams with a ſweetly uncertain light and ſhade. The lake below us, tremuloufly undulating, glittered to the broad ray of the nocturnal planet, whoſe unclouded brightneſs illumed the ſtarry firmament, thick ſtudded with celeſtial gems.—The village clocks ſtruck ten, the watch

dog's deep toned bark echoed, and was reverberated back from the ſhores to the ſurrounding rocks, which reſounded to the oars of the paſſing boats, as they divided the daſhing waters, and caught the moon's tranſlucent beam playing among the ſparkling waves. The freſhneſs of the ſcented air, the tranquil beauty of the ſcenery, and the preſence of him, to whom my heart was devoted, inſpired the ſofteſt ſenſations of pure delight.

The enthuſiaſtic Arminfeld ſeemed to partake my ſentiments; and with gentle accents dwelt on the tender ſubject of our attachment; whilſt a tear ſtarted to my eye as the idea of our approaching ſeparation flaſhed acroſs my thoughts.

"Wherefore this tear, my beloved Gertrude?" demanded Arminfeld with a ſigh.

"Excuſe

"Excuſe this mark of ſorrow," cried I, "which for an inſtant tarniſhes the brightneſs of this feſtive ſcene, that ſhould have been enjoyed with ſmiles of gaiety uninterrupted by ſadneſs.—I had reſolved to exclude it whilſt I was your gueſt; but the ſublime view of the ſcenery I am ſo ſoon to leave, awakened a regret too poignant to be concealed from your ſympathizing ſenſibility."

"Ah! Gertrude, liſten to the dictates of love that is preparing to entreat your ſtay. Diſtracted at the proſpect of your departure, it ſuggeſted to me a means to detain you; and I have been for ſeveral weeks inceſſantly occupied with the care of preventing our ſeparation. And if your wiſhes coincide with mine, it will ſoon be out of the power of mortal occurences to divide us from each other.

"The houſe you have this day graced with your preſence is my own,—rather let me call it yours, my deareſt Gertrude. I have purchaſed it and the adjacent grounds; which, properly cultivated, will produce ſufficient for the uſe of a ſmall family. We ſhall have a well ſtored garden, abundant crops, an excellent orchard, and paſture for as many horſes, cows, and goats as we ſhall require. I have endeavoured to combine œconomy and convenience with elegance. I have trained the vines, honey-ſuckles, and jaſſamine.—I have daily watered the roſe buſhes with my own hands, that your favorite flower might bloom like yourſelf, its bluſhing emblem: I have carefully cultivated the ſhrubs you moſt admire, and have procured the plants moſt agreeable to you; in order that your ſhrubbery might amuſe you whilſt I

ſuperintended

ſuperintended the farm. The garden and dairy ſhall be under your direction, the fields and cattle ſhall be my care. I have planned a few alterations in the houſe, which have yeſterday been compleated; and the library, ſo particularly honored with your approbation, was fitted up from my own deſign; I purpoſe to furniſh it with the beſt editions I can procure of all the claſſics, and the choiceſt works of the moſt celebrated German, Engliſh, Italian, and French authors. I mean to ornament the ſhelves with buſts of ancient and modern writers, and thoſe whoſe genius have added diſcoveries to ſcience. My library ſhall alſo contain good celeſtial and terreſtrial globes, an armilary ſphere, an orrery of our ſyſtem, aſtronomical inſtruments, and a complete philoſophical aparatus; with a collection of maps, charts, and atlaſſes. I fondly anticipate

thoſe arrangements at a future time when your taſte ſhall preſide over the execution of my wiſhes.

"My medical ſtudies nearly compleated, will ſhortly enable me to encreaſe my income; and my vicinity to the village will naturally open to me the office your father reſigns. In your loved company I ſhall never regret the deficiency of other ſociety; and love will endeavour to render mine every thing to you. Say, my Gertrude, will you conſent to be mine immediately?"

The ſurpriſe this addreſs occaſioned, ſuſpended my reply; and Arminfeld continued, "Ah! Gertrude, may I flatter myſelf I read compliance to my fond deſires in your bluſhing ſmiles? Speak, and aſſure me of my happineſs."

He preſſed my hand with looks of tenderneſs:—never had they been more eloquent and perſuaſive. My heart had

had already aſſented to his wiſhes; yet filial duty withheld conſent, till parental permiſſion ſanctioned me to beſtow my hand before the term their prudence had fixed as the period for our union.

I eſſayed to inform Arminfeld of my ſuſpenſe, and my reaſons for indeciſion; but the ſentence I would have pronounced died away on my tongue; and my enthuſiaſtic lover continued to hope all he deſired; and energetically entreated me to befriend his wiſhes.

The ſweet ſmile on my dear mother's lips, and the benignity of my father's looks, deſtroyed every fear of their negative that timidity had at firſt apprehended. Every object around me inſpired love, hope, and felicity.

The animated and yet tender regards of the admirable Arminfeld, the complacency of my parents, the gaiety of Madame de Valmont, the bloom of

the fragrant flowers that adorned the apartment, the dazzling radiance of the illuminations, the ſoft zephyrs, fanning their balmy wings around us, the beauteous aſpect of nature, the ſerenity of the azure vault, ſpangled with myriads of ſparkling ſpheres, the moon's refulgence gliſtening on the placid lake below, conſpired to raiſe the ſoul to Heaven. Mine ſoared on the wings of devotion, to praiſe the divine fountain, whence my innumerable bleſſings flowed. My heart expanded with the pure ſentiments of piety, univerſal philanthropy, filial duty, love, and friendſhip. The latter awakened your remembrance, my deareſt Angelica, and with it the recollection of your unhappineſs. Anxiety for your fate, and that of my intereſting brother, was the only diminution to a felicity devoid of all other alloy. The ſmile which it had called forth on my cheek

cheek was bedewed with tears that fell for you and Auguſtus. Arminfeld's expreſſive eyes gliſtened with thoſe of ſympathy; but with quickly varying ſenſibility his countenance was ſoon irradiated by the reflection of the gaiety I endeavoured to reſume.

He now begged us to deſcend; and leading us to the romantic pavilion, invited us to a table coverd with baſkets of fruit, ſilver vaſes of creams and ices, and cryſtal goblets ſparkling with the juice of the white and purple grape.

Arminfeld's inimitable grace again preſided at this elegantly diſpoſed banquet; while his lively converſation added to its charms, and the pleaſure of his gueſts. Never had we been more gay;—enjoying the repaſt, and the refreſhing breeze, that waved the ruſtling foliage around us, the moments fled on rapid pinions; and it was midnight ere

we were aware of its approach. The clock ſtriking twelve reminded us of our diſtance from home; and we immediately prepared to leave the enchanting ſpot, where we had paſſed ſo many delightful hours.

My father, my mother, and Madame de Valmont complimented Arminfeld on the elegance of the entertainment, and the grace with which he had conducted it. He bowed with a modeſt air, and regarded me as if waiting my approbation before he would attribute ſucceſs to his deſire of having pleaſed. He had been accuſtomed to read in my looks the language of my heart, and inſtantly comprehending that I would have ſaid the pleaſure I had experienced ſurpaſſed deſcription, he evinced that his was equally perfect.

My father offered one arm to the Marchioneſs, the other to my mother; and

and, preceded by a flambeau, walked on before me; while Arminfeld preſented his hand to lead me through the garden. As we paſſed the arborous walks and ſhadowy thickets, the moon-beams chequered our path, ſhedding a quivering light over the lucent pebbles, as the zephyrs waved the ruſtling branches, and parted the trembling leaves of the embowering alleys. The buds of flowrets ſteeped in dew, exhaled a delightful fragrance that wafted the mingled odours of innumerable ſcented bloſſoms; and the ſweet and plaintive nightingale's mellow notes ſtole on the ſtillneſs of night to the liſtening ear.—Arminfeld and I attended to the warbled ſong as we paſſed ſilently along. Our hearts vibrated in accord to the ſoft ſtrain, and wanted no other communion beſide the intercourſe of ſecret ſympathy.

At length reaching the garden gate, I looked back and perceived the illuminations twinkling through the intervening trees. The luſtre of the lights diſcovered the dwelling emboſomed in romantic ſhades, that ſeemed then more delightfully rural than they had appeared by day.

"That habitation," ſaid I, "my dear Arminfeld, ſhould be called the temple of pleaſure."

"And Adalbert's ſoul dedicates it to Gertrude, the divinity of the place. Let us, my adorable girl, conſecrate it to love.—Ah! do not leave me to mourn your departure; and die of grief and deſpair."

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed I, with emotion. "But the amiable Arminfeld muſt addreſs my father on the ſubject of our wiſhes;—affection muſt ſubmit to the deciſion of prudence."

"Prudence!"

"Prudence!" ejaculated Adalbert—"What has love to do with prudence? But to-morrow I will conſult with the guardian of my youth."

I ſmiled.—At that inſtant the Marchioneſs and my mother being ſeated in the carriage, my father called on me to get in alſo. As Arminfeld aſſiſted me to mount the ſtep, he preſſed my hand, wiſhed me peaceful ſlumbers, and bid me tenderly adieu.

"Farewell my dear Adalbert," cried I, "farewel until to-morrow."

"Yes! until to-morrow," repeated Arminfeld, waving his hand as the carriage drove on.

The ſoft accented adieus of my amiable lover, and the emphatical pronunciation of the word "to-morrow," ſtill vibrated on my heart, and awakened indefinable ſenſations that gently agitated me on the way homewards. The animating gaiety of Madame de Valmont, and the pleaſ-

ing

LETTER XXXV.

From the ſame to the ſame.

Richterſwyl, July 5.

THE intereſting day that was to decide my fate and the amiable Arminfeld's is paſt, and has diſcloſed our deſtiny; which friendſhip haſtens to communicate to Angelica, who ſhares all the anxieties the afflictions, and the joys of Gertrude.

Yeſterday I waited the arrival of Adalbert, in trembling ſuſpenſe.—I knew not what to hope nor what to fear; and while my buſy fancy toſſed my mind from joy to ſadneſs, and from ſadneſs back again to pleaſure, I beheld the engaging youth who occupied my thoughts, advancing towards our houſe.

His

His light and airy figure moved forward with the elaſtic ſtep which hope inſpires, bowing to me as he paſſed the window of our ſaloon, he bounded up the flight of ſtairs leading to it, and was already in the apartment before I had expected his preſence.

A kind of diſorder in his dreſs indicated he had not ſpent the night in reſt. His fine cheſnut hair waved careleſsly over his forehead in ſtraying locks, contraſted with the fair and poliſhed ſkin; that, compared with the ruddy glow on his cheek, ſeemed of a ſnowy whiteneſs. The bluſh of youthful joy deepened as he kiſſed my hand, and gave an encreaſed luſtre to his dark eyes, beaming forth the animated expreſſion of enthuſiaſm, ſoftened by the tendereſt ſentiments.

A cold tremor pervaded my frame, as I read in his looks impatience to diſcloſe the purpoſe of his viſit. He perceived my

my agitation, and participated in the emotion whoſe cauſe was ſo well known to him. As he affectionately accoſted my father, and ſaluted my mother, I diſcovered an embarraſſment in his manner as affecting as it was unuſual; and fearful of encreaſing it by my preſence, I immediately withdrew, in order to facilitate their converſing perfectly unconſtrained on a ſubject extremely touching to us all.

I paſſed into the garden.—The ſun mounting to his meridian, ſhot dazzling and fervid rays, in which the butterflies ſported, and flying from bloſſom to flower, fluttered their variegated wings, ſpangled with gold and azure, and a combination of gaudy colours, vivid as thoſe of the opening buds on which they ſometimes reſted.

Oppreſſed by the heat, I retired to an arbour where the balmy woodbine, and ſweet

ſweet ſcented jeſſamine, entwined their pliant branches with the odoriferous roſe-buſhes, forming a ſhady, fragrant, and cool retreat.—Here, ſeated on a moſſy bank, enamelled with flowrets, I paſſed ſome time in the utmoſt agitation. At length I beheld Arminfeld advancing. My heart palpitated;—the joy ſparkling in his eyes as he ſeized my hand, declared his application to obtain it had been ſucceſsful.—"My Gertrude," cried the energetic Arminfeld, "deign to beſtow the ineſtimable gift I am permitted to ſolicit."

"And have my parents really conſented to accelerate our union, my dear Adalbert?"

"Does Gertrude doubt my truth?"

"No, Arminfeld, I queſtion not your word; but I ſcarcely allowed myſelf to think my father's prudence would have confided me to you, ſo much before

the power of ſuppreſſing the ſighs my approaching ſeparation from my family would have drawn from my boſom.

Our future plans and proſpects next engaged our attention; and the hours ſlipped unheeded, till dinner ſummoned us to the houſe. As Arminfeld led me towards it, my father met me with a ſmile of complacency that tranquillized my heart, but my gentle mother awakened a pang in it, as ſhe preſſed me to her breaſt with a maternal tenderneſs, which made me feel how much ſhe would regret our ſeparation.

After dinner, in a domeſtic circle, our plans were diſcuſſed, and our preſent arrangements ſettled.

My father has fixed his departure from this place for to morrow fortnight. It is determined that Arminfeld ſhall accompany us as far as Schaffhauſen, where an aunt of his reſides; and at whoſe

whoſe houſe our union is to be celebrated as a mark of reſpect to his only remaining relation. My dear paaents are afterwards to purſue their journey thence to Stutgard, while I return to my native canton.

Alas! my ſpirits ſink at the proſpect of this ſorrowful parting. But no more of that melancholy theme at preſent.

The Marchioneſs joined us in the evening, and cheered us with her vivacity. In our preſent ſituation, I feel her preſence eſſential to prevent our dwelling on the affecting ſubject of our ſeparation.

Madame de Valmont complained of the heat. The day had been ſultry; but a refreſhing evening breeze gently fanned the waving branches of the trees, the ſky was ſerene, and the face of nature brilliant.

"What a charming time for an excurſion on the lake," cried Arminfeld.

"Let us enjoy this pleaſure then," ſaid the Marchioneſs, "I am fond of water parties."

My father and mother bowed aſſent to the propoſition; I ſmiled, and with common conſent, we all purſued the road deſcending to the lake. Arminfeld ſoon procured us a boat; its gay ſtreamers fluttered in the gentle gale as we ſtepped into the unſteady veſſel, while the undulating expanſe of waters glittered to refulgent ſun-beams illumining the weſtern horizon, and ſtreaking the purple clouds with burniſhed gold. As they floated on the ambient element of cerulean æther, our bark glided over the ſilvery lake, whoſe ſmoothly circling ſurface reflected the delightful borders, fringed with tufted woods, that here and there overſhadowed the level ſhores, or

hung

hung impending over the ſteep mountains' rocky cliffs, where precipice on precipice towered to the lofty ſummit. Sometimes we paſſed a gently ſwelling hill, whoſe verdant brow was ſhaded by foreſts, behind which the rugged crags of barren acclevities exhibited inacceſſible walls of granite, riſing into immenſe peaks and turrets, like innumerable ſpires piled one above another. As the bright orb of day ſunk behind them, their huge towers caught his departing rays, and glittered, contraſting admirably with the darkening proſpect of the vallies.

Twilight ſoon enveloped all in ſhade. The ſapphire vault of Heaven ſhone reſplendent with the radiant conſtellations that darted innumerable ſparkles through the night; lighted at length by her ſilver creſcent, which roſe over the ſhrubby mountains, and gliſtened in the waves,

divided by our oars; their meaſured cadence alone diſturbed the ſilence of the deep.

As we ſkimmed its ſurface, my mind was wrapped in extacy, ariſing from a combination of ſocial and pious feelings reciprocally refining each other. The remembrance of the paſt, and anticipation of the future, were abſorbed by the conſciouſneſs of preſent felicity, which I feared to analyſe; apprehenſive of deſtroying its charm.

Arminfeld, by a gently preſſure of my hand, diſcovered the uniſon of his feelings with mine.

At length ſoft muſic broke on our ears: we liſtened attentively to catch the enchanting ſound wafted by the ſoftly ſighing gale over the peaceful waters. The melodious notes ſwelled on the breeze which filled the ſail of the approaching bark, whence the ſym-

phony

phony proceeded; and as the white canvas flapped backward and forward to the gentle breath of the wind, the moon-beams glanced on the ſwelling ſheet, and ſparkled in the furrowed track of the veſſel. Whilſt it paſſed us the murmur of the divided waves through which it glided, was heard during the varying ſtrains, and ſometimes was audible even while the flute breathed its dulcet notes alone, until the ſilver-toned horns, the clear-ſounding clarinet, the ſprightly hautboy, and hoarſe baſſoon joined in full harmony with the claſhing ſymbals, and the loud kettle-drum, each beating the meaſure of the ſtrain in ſhrill and baſs accord.

We reſted on our oars till the paſſing barge in which the concert played, gliding on its way, bore the muſic to a diſtance where it dyed away gradually, into the perfect ſtillneſs its approach had

interrupted; and a general ſigh marked the moment when the laſt notes ceaſed to vibrate on our ears.

The ceſſation of the harmonious melody, which had moved and ſoftened my heart, ſeemed to leave a void in it ſimilar to that we experience in the abſence of a beloved object; and a painful ſenſation awakened the affecting reflection of my ſeparation from an endearing family; the anticipation of our parting, ſunk my ſpirits and filled my eyes with tears. The deep ſigh which marked their courſe was anſwered by one from Arminfeld's boſom; who, by a preſſure of my hand, aſſured me I had a partner in my ſorrow.

Our boat now grazing on the ſandy ſhore of the lake, reminded us of our approach to land; and riſing from our benches we prepared to ſtep on it as we gained the verge, where the limpid flood

in

in circling eddies leave the ſhining pebbles on the ſtrand.

My father, aſſiſting the Marchioneſs and my mother out of the boat, offered an arm to each; leaving me to the care of Arminfeld's attentions.

As we aſcended the acclevity of our mountain homewards, he preſſed my hand to his boſom, and laid his cheek to mine bedewed with tears; and his mingled with them whilſt he affectingly lamented the future privation of the loved ſociety of my family, whom he regarded as his own. Soon after his reſpectable parents had ſanctioned our union, he had the misfortune of cloſing their eyes within the ſhort courſe of twelve months; and a maternal aunt ſettled at Schaffhauſen remains the only repreſentative of a beloved mother, whom I almoſt revered as my own. We each dropped ſome tears to her remembrance;

membrance; and then cheered ourſelves by the pleaſing anticipation of our intended journey, and our projected viſit to his amiable aunt Baroneſs Wetzler, whom I recollect to have loved in my childhood in return for the careſſes with which her indulgence fondled me. She was formerly an inmate of her ſiſter's family at this place, but her marriage with a German noble, and a reſidence in his country ſome time, prevented her viſiting this until about eleven years ago; at which period, becoming a widow, ſhe again made a member of Arminfeld's family; but her children's education, and their ſubſequent eſtabliſhment in Germany, once more drew her thither, till a ſtrong predilection for her native country attracted her to her preſent reſidence, not very diſtant from her ſon's and daughter's, who frequently pay their duty to her at Schaffhauſen.

It

It is probable I may remain there ſome time. Nevertheleſs, my deareſt friend Anglelica, addreſs your letters to me at Richterſwyl, where I certainly return before the end of autumn.

In the intermediate months aſſure yourſelf no pleaſures they can offer will have power to render me unmindful of you, whoſe remembrance muſt accompany me wherever I go.

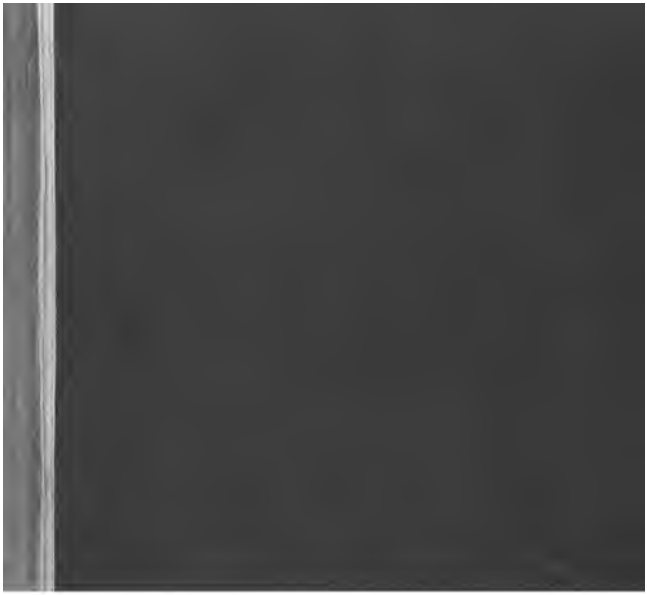
Your happineſs, my dear Angelica, has frequently ſoftened the ſenſe of my own afflictions; and now the recollections of your ſorrow will diminiſh the enjoyment of my felicity. Yet let not this afflict you, ſince it is the will of infinite Wiſdom that mortals ſhould not forget the bliſs of heaven in terreſtrial joys; too imperfect for the ſole aim and end of beings formed for celeſtial beatitude.

The

The mercy of Providence, alike kind to all his creatures, gives each their due portions of pain and pleaſure, juſtly proportioned to their reſpective powers, and tempers each with the other, to enable us to bear both as we ought.

Innocence and piety are a ſovereign balm to heal all ſorrows; and you poſſeſs this balſam. Friendſhip alas! can do no more than mitigate the ſmart of woes by tender ſympathy; and this office mine endeavours to perform.

Adieu for the preſent, my friend; Gertrude's affection will again addreſs you when a ceſſation of unavoidable hurry permits this relaxation from fatigue—until then farewel!

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

Printed by A. Strahan,
Printers Street.